

# THE MONTH

## A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 558 (NEW SERIES 168) DEC., 1910

### CONTENTS

MY FRIEND'S DIFFICULTIES. A Dialogue of Yea and Nay.

	<i>By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby</i>	561
ANTI-MONASTICISM .....	<i>By the Rev. Joseph Keating</i>	575
BOULOGNE MOUTH .....	<i>By Henry Davison</i>	588
SOCIAL STUDY IN SEMINARIES. II.....	<i>By the Rev. Charles Plater</i>	596
SIX MONTHS OF THE JOURNEY. I.....	<i>By Francesca Glazier</i>	607
THE REVIVAL OF THE MYSTERY-PLAY.....	<i>By Mary Alice Vials</i>	622
THE SAINT, THE PRIEST, AND THE POOKA.....	<i>By W. M. Letts</i>	632
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.....		640

The Field, the Furrow, and the Fruit.

The "S.B.G."

Married Clergy in the Welsh Church.

REVIEWS .....	646
SHORT NOTICES .....	659
BOOKS RECEIVED .....	666
SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS .....	668

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO  
LONDON & ONE SHILLING

[Editorial Offices, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, W.]

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES.

---

# PSYCHOLOGY:

Empirical and Rational.

BY

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., D.LIT.; M.A. LOND.

SIXTH EDITION.

(SEVENTEENTH TO NINETEENTH THOUSAND.)

PRICE 6s. 6d.

---

1. **Logic.** By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. Second Edition. Price 5s.
  2. **First Principles of Knowledge.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J., late Professor of Logic and General Metaphysics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Fourth Edition. Price 5s.
  3. **Moral Philosophy (Ethics and Natural Law).** By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., M.A. Lond.; late Professor of Ethics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Third Edition. Price 5s.
  4. **Natural Theology.** By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J., Professor of Natural Theology at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Second Edition. Price 6s. 6d.
  6. **General Metaphysics.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Second Edition. Price 5s.
  7. **Political Economy.** By CHARLES S. DEVAS, M.A. Oxon. Sometime Examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. (Tenth to Twelfth Thousand). Price 7s. 6d.
- 

LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., London, New York, Bombay, and Calcutta.







## *My Friend's Difficulties.*

A DIALOGUE OF YEA AND NAY.

---

*Dei enim Filius Jesus Christus, qui in vobis per nos praedicatus est, non fuit Est et Non, sed Est in illo fuit. Quotquot enim promissiones Dei sunt in illo Est, ideo et per ipsum Amen Deo ad gloriam nostram.*

"For the Son of God Jesus Christ, who has been preached by us among you, hath not been Yea and Nay, but Yea hath been in him. For of all the promises of God, in him is Yea (the accomplishment), therefore through him be Amen to the hymn of praise to the glory of God by our ministry." (2 Cor. i. 19, 20.)

---

I HAVE a friend, a Master of Arts, an accomplished literary scholar, a great student of Scripture, a man full of religious feeling, but, he avows, utterly unable to acquiesce in the dogmas whether of natural or revealed religion, or to bow to infallible religious authority of any kind. We have talked together for hours, and, as he has a ready pen, I should not wonder if some day, if indeed he has not done so already, he put his ideas in print. To be even with him, I propose printing some of my own thoughts on the matters of our mutual discussion. For clearness' sake, I have thrown my composition into the form of a dialogue, in which *Nay*, I hope, in some distant way represents my friend, as *Yea* certainly represents myself.

My friend's position is briefly this. He accepts none of the proofs of the existence of God. God, to be God at all, ought to be good and almighty; but the existence of evil, he thinks, is utterly incompatible with Almighty Goodness. The problem of evil looms large in his mind above all other religious problems, and he can only get away from it by discarding all ordinary Theistic religion. He is shocked beyond measure at the massacres ascribed to Divine direction in the Pentateuch. Being, however, of a strong religious temperament, and unable to acquiesce in atheism, he has fallen back upon a Subjective Deity, the Spirit of Good, dwelling and working in human hearts. In this conclusion he has, all unbeknown to himself, joined hands with advanced Modernism. With the Modernist, he

rejects the miracles of the Old Testament. The Pentateuch is to him of no more authority than the Iliad. Altogether in my friend there is too much of the *Nay*.

*Nay.* Wherever you have what I call "theocracy," of all conceptions of government the most attractive and the most illusory,—I mean by "theocracy" a religious authority claiming to be infallible, and accepted as voicing the mind of God,—there you must have intolerance, and, given the power to be cruel, likewise cruelty. Not to speak of Christian theocracies, consider the doings of the Jewish, the death of poor Princess Cozbi by the ungentle hand of Phineas (Num. xxv.), the slaughter of the Madianites, men, women, and children (Num. xxxi.), the twice repeated massacre of the prophets of Baal (3 Kings xviii.; 4 Kings x.), and all this with the approval of Jahweh!

*Yea.* I want you to understand how we Catholics take these things. The "open Bible" of Protestantism,—the Bible read irrespective of the guidance of the Church,—may turn to a terrible instrument of mischief. The ordinary spiritual reading of a Catholic layman is not taken from the Book of Numbers. About mercy and forgiveness and life everlasting I am solicitous, and in the granting of these through the Church of God the Old Testament has little part. I know well that Hebrew precedents are no precedent for my conduct. Our Saviour has told us that.<sup>1</sup> Or rather I should say that they are precedents only so far as they are confirmed in the New Testament and approved by the teaching and present-day practice of the Church. The rough ways of a rude people in an imperfect stage of morality are not commended to us Christians. As for the approval given them by Jahweh, we must remember that divine permission (*πάρεσις, ἀνοχή*, cf. Rom. iii. 25, 26 in the Greek) and divine command are not so clearly distinguished,—cf. your own favourite citation;<sup>2</sup> also that your "poor Princess Cozbi" was slain red-handed in the commission of a great sin, or at any rate of what would have been a great sin in any one duly instructed: God made an example of her. Sin, even ethically considered,

<sup>1</sup> "And when his disciples James and John had seen it, they said, Lord, wilt thou that fire come down from heaven and consume them? [Cf. 4 Kings i. 12.] And turning he rebuked them saying, Ye know not of what spirit ye are." Luke ix. 55, 56. Compare Matt. v. 17—48; xix. 8.

<sup>2</sup> "A spirit came and stood before the Lord and said, I will deceive him. And the Lord said, Thou shalt deceive and prevail, go forth and do." 1 (3) Kings xxii. 21, 22. See also similar examples in 1 Chron. xxi. 1; 2 Sam. (Kings) xxiv. 1.

to all who are not utilitarians, and still more, theologically considered, stands in a category apart from physical suffering: the two are incommensurate: the former is immeasurably the worse, as Newman has so powerfully portrayed.<sup>1</sup> You would read the Book of Numbers in a different spirit, if from childhood, by prayer and meditation, you had imbibed the horror of the Catholic mind for sin.

*Nay.* You mean that sense of offending against an Infinite Being which has crazed so many intellects?

*Yea.* Thank you for the phrase, it evidences in you what I was just now saying. But to revert to the Old Testament. It is the Word of God, as, in another sense, the book of nature is also the Word of God. Both books are replete with mystery. In both, the Divine handwriting is hard to decipher. And often we may do well to give the attempt up. As A Kempis says (*Imitation of Christ*, i. 5), "our curiosity often hinders us in the reading of the Scriptures, when we wish to understand and discuss, where we should simply pass on." As St. Paul says, the end and purport for which the Scriptures are given us is "that the man of God may be made up to the doing of every good work" (2 Tim. iii. 17), not that he may have his intellectual curiosity satisfied. My own private opinion is that, as the Church has not been commissioned to explain the exact concord of grace and free will,—she never has pronounced upon it, and on one celebrated occasion, challenged by the conflict of Dominican and Jesuit theologians, she declined to pronounce,—so there is much in the Old Testament which she has not been commissioned to explain. If ever she shall define, so far as she shall define, I shall know that she does know, and will accept the definition with outward and inward assent. Meanwhile, I observe that at present she refrains from dogmatic definition, in which her infallibility would be vested, and is content by disciplinary decrees to rebuke the rash presumption of those who pretend to have fathomed the mystery, as a wise father rebukes the precocious confidence of his sons in their teens, those young men who, as Aristotle observes, "know" all things. Let me say that I am in special perplexity about the numbers given in the Old Testament. The doubt about the years of the patriarchs is admitted. When a modern Hebrew presents me a bill for £24,000, principal and interest, I know he means

<sup>1</sup> "The Church holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven . . . than that one soul, I do not say, should be lost, but should commit one venial sin." (*Anglican Difficulties*, p. 190.)

to exact that sum, if he can get it out of me, down to the last farthing. But when I read in Numbers xxi. that 24,000 people died of plague, I recall the "twelve thousand signed" out of every tribe of the children of Israel (Apoc. vii.). I observe that 24,000 is an exact multiple of twelve; it means 2,000 for each tribe. I recall the habit, doubtless got from the Jews, of allegorizing Scripture numbers, which we find in SS. Augustine and Gregory, as when St. Augustine finds much virtue in the number thirty-eight (John v. 5). There are, it appears, numbers mystical and numbers historical, and, till the Church enlighten me, in reading the Old Testament I remain perplexed between the two. Thus all that I can make out of Numbers xxi. is that a great many people died of the plague. You, my dear sir, not always, but when the mood is on you, want the course of Pentateuchal history to be as plain, well-laid-down a line as the Great Western Railway, instead of being, what it rather is, an ancient camel-track.

*Nay.* To go on to the question of Toleration. Do you admit my position that the theory of infallible inspiration, and the connexion between Church and State, whether in Judaism or Christianity, has always led to intolerance, indeed must do so? If there be but one God who made heaven and earth, and that God has revealed the way in which He will vouchsafe to accept our service, how can men dare to tolerate neglect or contravention of His commands?

*Yea.* I admire your hypothetical zeal, still, it must be conformed to knowledge. The Christian Church is tolerant of irreligion in those who have never given in their allegiance to her. See what St. Thomas writes (*Summa*, 2<sup>a</sup>-2<sup>ae</sup>, q. 10, art. 8: *Aquinas Ethicus*, i. 328):

Of unbelievers, some there are who have never received the faith, as Gentiles and Jews. Such persons are on no account to be brought to the faith by compulsion, that they themselves should become believers, because believing is of the will; they are, however, if possible, to be compelled by the faithful not to stand in the way of the faith by blasphemies, or evil persuasions, or open persecutions. And for this reason the faithful of Christ often make war on unbelievers, not to force them to believe, because, even though they had beaten them and got them prisoners, they would still leave them their choice whether they would believe or no, but for the purpose of compelling them not to put hindrances in the way of Christ.

The modern Protestant may claim the benefit of this saving

provision. But of apostate Catholics St. Thomas goes on to say: "Such persons are to be compelled even by corporal means to fulfil what they have promised, and to hold what they have once received. As to take a vow is voluntary, but to pay the vow is of necessity, so to receive the faith is a voluntary act, but it is of necessity to hold it, once received." Such was the theory, acted upon in the Middle Ages, in the punishment of lapsed Catholics.

*Nay.* Such was the proper fruit of that noxious Upas tree of infallibility, overshadowing the growth of thought, and rendering the free exercise of the understanding a mark for moral censure, and even for drastic bodily penalties.

*Yea.* Is there or is there not an infallible Church, set up by God, wittingly to depart from which is to purchase to yourself damnation? That is the main issue ever at the back of all this question of Tolerance. Liddon, in his Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Christ, has a chapter headed, *Christus, si non Deus, non bonus*. To which we may add, *Ecclesia, si non Ecclesia Dei, non bona*. The Church in all her acts assumes that she is what she claims to be. Set aside that claim, as men outside the Church set it aside, and no wonder if you condemn her proceedings. Still, we may observe that where the alleged Upas tree is hacked away, anything but a healthy moral vegetation springs up in the liberated soil. Indeed, the chances are that your Upas tree in the end will stand the sole abiding shelter of whatever honesty, decency, reverence and obedience is left among men.

Another strange thing to me is that you complain of an infallibly guarded revelation (not "inspiration," please, the Pope, as such, is not inspired) now as cramping, now as unduly widening the range of human knowledge. Do you remember, you once gave vent to a grand rhetorical outburst, which I have got down in these terms? "Our knowledge resembles some lonely isle, whose foundations are hidden in the darkness of the deep, while around it is the trackless expanse of the Unknown, and above it the inaccessible heaven of the Unknowable." I wish you would read St. Thomas's version of this theme in the first chapter of the fourth book, *Contra Gentiles*. You will find it in my translation, *God and His Creatures*, pp. 337—339.<sup>1</sup> St. Thomas develops a text of Job: "Lo, these

<sup>1</sup> "Our knowledge begins with sense; and sense is concerned with phenomena which are of themselves sensible, as colour, smell, and the like. With difficulty can our mind penetrate through such exterior phenomena to an inner knowledge of things,

things that have been said are but a part of his ways; and whereas we have heard scarce one little drop of his speech, who shall be able to look upon the thunder of his greatness?" (Job xxvi. 14.) He shows how the natural insufficiency of human intelligence of the divine is eked out, first by faith, hereafter by vision.

*Nay.* I will look the passage up for your sake. But however valuable revelation would be, if any were given from Heaven, yet surely it is not indispensable to human goodness; we know how to behave as men without God telling us. That is one of my great objections to your Church, that it can see no moral value in right actions except in the accompaniment of a particular set of opinions, its canons of orthodoxy.

*Yea.* Pardon me, my dear sir, so far from that being a tenet of our Church, it is actually a condemned proposition, which the Church forbids us to teach. The proposition was condemned by Clement XI. in his Bull *Unigenitus*, condemnatory of 101 propositions of the Jansenist Paschal Quesnel, of which the forty-eighth runs thus: "What else can we be but darkness, aberration, and sin, without the light of faith, without grace, and without charity?" Which again is but a rehabilitation of the twenty-fifth proposition of Le Bay (Baius), condemned by Pius V.: "All the works of infidels are sins, and the virtues of philosophers are vices." This means that the Church recognizes two orders of virtues, natural virtues (good for this life) and supernatural virtues (good for the life to come). The former are true virtues, only they will never take a man to Heaven of themselves. You cannot go to Heaven merely for being honest and truthful; you must further have faith, hope, and charity, and live, or at least die, in sanctifying grace.

*Nay.* Thank you, I see I shall have to study that distinction of natural and supernatural, and take account of it in any further argument. What I have to object against it, as I see it at present, is that the supernatural is a subversion of the natural; duty towards God is intrinsically different from

even where it perfectly grasps by sense their accidents. Much less will it be able to attain to a comprehension of the natures of those objects of which we perceive only a few phenomena by sense; and still less of those natures no accidents of which lie open to sense, but certain effects which they produce, inadequate to their power, enable us to recognize them. But even though the very natures of things were known to us, still we should have but slight knowledge of their order, of their mutual relations, and direction by divine providence to their final end, since we cannot penetrate the plan of Providence." And more to the same effect.



ordinary morality; all considerations of human good must give way to the avoidance of sin.

*Yea.* You have not yet hit the distinction exactly in your mind. The supernatural is not merely and simply the religious aspect of things. Man in the order of mere nature is God's creature, has duties to his Creator, and must find his final happiness somehow in Him. The duties of worship and reverence towards God are part of ordinary morality. There is such a thing as natural religion, the exercise of which is a natural duty, and he sins against the moral law who neglects it. The supernatural is superimposed upon the natural, and far from subverting it, always presupposes it. To hold that you may ever commit sin in consideration of any human good, *e.g.*, take Newman's instances, "tell one venial untruth," or "steal one poor farthing without excuse," is to hold in its worst and most indefensible sense the doctrine which the world ascribes to the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means,—that you may do evil that good may come of it (though St. Paul says the contrary): it is to sacrifice morality on the altar of utilitarianism, which of course the world is continually doing, but it is not right for all that. No, I agree with you in saying that our duty towards God cannot override the laws of morality, because it is the fulfilment of those laws. What we do not agree upon is this, who God is and what our duties towards Him are. You set up a God in the human heart, which you call "the Spirit of Good." I too admit a Spirit of Good in the human heart, but I say it is not God: it is a created quality put in man by God.<sup>1</sup>

*Nay.* It is all very well for you to assert your transcendent Deity, but you cannot prove His existence: least of all can you prove Him to be a Person: for by your supposition He is infinite, whereas the very notion of person carries with it the idea of limitation: a person is essentially something finite: a person says of himself, *I*, and *I* means *not you*. Your God is the sum-total of all things, therefore not a person.

*Yea.* You don't know how much you shock me by that last allegation of yours, that God is the sum-total of all things. It is sheer pantheism, reprobated of all Catholic philosophy and theology.

<sup>1</sup> Liturgists know that the Church in her Collects marks off the Holy Ghost from this created good spirit, by printing the former alone with a capital letter, and thereupon concluding with *in unitate ejusdem Spiritus Sancti*. Compare the Collect for Whitsunday with that for St. Antony Zaccaria, July 5th.

*Nay.* Why, how can He be infinite, if He falls short of the sum-total of all that is?

*Yea.* He does not fall short of all that is, and yet He is not to be identified with all that is. Such identification would make Him fall short by bringing Him down to the level of the finite world which He has created. Your difficulties under this head would all vanish if you had mastered these points of ordinary Catholic teaching:

(1) That so absolutely is God exalted above His creatures that no one term, no, not even *being* itself, is predicated of God and of creatures "univocally," that is, in entirely the same sense,—but of God it is predicated in a higher and better way.

(2) That thus in God there is found all the being and perfection that there is in creatures, not "formally," but "eminently," *i.e.*, in a more full and excellent manner.

(3) That consequently creatures make no addition to the Divine Being. God *plus* the universe is no fuller reality than God alone. The universe, in comparison with the way in which God *is*, simply *is not*; and yet it has a being of its own distinct from God. St. Paul's, London, does not gain in reality by being photographed. Put a photograph of the great cathedral in every shop-window in London: the structure is not amplified thereby. In the sense in which the structure is St. Paul's, the photograph is not; and yet it truly is—a photograph.

As to your difficulty of the negation, or exclusiveness, that attaches to the notion of personality, God does *exclude* all creation from the compass of His being, yet loses nothing thereby, as St. Paul's loses nothing by not being its own photograph. It is in itself the virtual sum, or rather foundation, of all possible photographs. Now you see in what sense God may be called the totality of all things, and in what sense He is not. He is not so *formally*, He is so *eminently*.

*Nay.* Will you let me read you a passage from Newman? It is from a sermon preached on April 13, 1830, on "The Influence of Natural and Revealed Religion respectively."

Natural Religion teaches, it is true, the Infinite Power and Majesty, the wisdom and goodness, the presence, the moral governance, and, in one sense, the unity of the Deity: but it gives little or no information respecting what may be called His *Personality*. . . . Though Philosophy acknowledged an intelligent, wise, and beneficent Principle of Nature, still this too was in fact only



equivalent to the belief in a pervading Soul of the Universe, which consulted for its own good, and directed its own movements, by instincts similar to those by which the animal world is guided; but which, strictly speaking, was not an object of worship, inasmuch as each intelligent being was, in a certain sense, himself a portion of it. Much less would a conviction of the Infinitude and Eternity of the Divine Nature lead to any just idea of His Personality, since there can be no circumscribing limits nor configuration of the Immeasurable, no external condition or fortune to that Being who is all in all.

Newman, you see, in 1830 was not so far from agreement with me about the knowledge of God obtainable from the facts of Physics.

*Yea.* If the facts of Physics, taken metaphysically, reveal no more than this, that there must be some Power which carries on the course of Nature according to the invariable laws of Nature, I admit the difficulty of investing that Power with the attribute of Personality. The difficulty, or even the impossibility of this, is well drawn out by Newman in a much later work, *The Idea of a University*, Discourse ii. But is this really all that external Nature can teach us of God? To the words quoted of the then youthful Vicar of St. Mary's about Personality, I should reply as I have already replied to you. I know, however, that all his life the Cardinal seems to have been less struck than other men have been by the testimony of the facts of Physical Science to the being and attributes of God. That is a point of what I may call Newmanology, which does not concern us here. Only I will say that in so far as the facts of the domain of Physics can lead a reflective mind to the knowledge of a Supreme Being, they must further indicate that Being to be more like man than like luminiferous ether, inasmuch as the absolutely Supreme must be more like to that which is highest in our experience than to any lower nature,—and further must be like man on his higher and not on his animal side, that is, like him inasmuch as his is an intellectual and personal nature.

The Supreme Being must be *optimus maximus*, not only the *greatest* but also the *best* of beings. I once explained to a lady the philosophic conception of God as pure thought without love. "Why," she broke in, "my parents were better than that." It is great part of our conception of the personality of God, that He is a Being who can love. Yet His love must be passionless, for all passion is mutation, and He is immutable. Being

above passion, He is above the moral virtues of Temperance and Fortitude, which are occupied in the control of passions. And as by "virtue" we usually mean moral virtue, we do not speak of God as "virtuous," for which also another reason may be assigned, that all virtue is an acquired habit, and to God nothing is acquired. This curious subject of passions, virtues, and love in God, you will find treated by St. Thomas, *Contra Gentiles*, i. cc. 89—94. These are some of his conclusions. "Some passions are further removed from God than others by reason of their object, which is wholly unbefitting for God." "So far as object goes, there is in God delight and joy, delight in Himself, joy over Himself and over other things." "God loves one person more than another, not with a greater intensity of act, but as wishing him a greater good." "Virtue in God is not any habit, but His own essence." "God is in the highest degree liberal." "Commutative justice does not befit God, but only distributive justice."

*Nay.* Hold, hold, let me stop your mouth with a syllogism or two, as you are a lover of such wares. A virtuous person is a good person: but your God is not good. And I prove the minor. No one who allows evil is good: but God allows evil.

*Yea.* Oddly enough, you have hit upon the very objection with which St. Thomas opens his *Summa Theologiae* (1<sup>a</sup>, q. 1, art. 3, ad. 1): "If one of two contraries were infinite, it would entirely destroy the other. But this is what we understand by God, a certain infinite Good. If, then, there were a God, no evil would be found anywhere. But evil is found in the world. Therefore there is no God."

*Nay.* Objection well put: the answer?

*Yea.* "As Augustine says (*Enchiridion*, c. xi.): 'God, being sovereignly good, would never allow any evil in His works, were He not so almighty and so good as to draw good even out of evil.' Thus, then, it belongs to the infinite beatitude of God to permit evil, and out of evils elicit good things."

*Nay.* Then you maintain that a world containing evils,—and such vast evils too!—is better than a world where there was no evil?

*Yea.* Do you mean better *absolutely* (ἀπλῶς, as Aristotle would say), or better *in a certain respect* (κατά τι)? To answer the question *absolutely*, I do not pretend: it is beyond my knowledge: but I do say that *in a certain respect* a world with evils in it is better than a world would be where no evils were.

There are good things which essentially presuppose evil: the virtues I mean of fortitude (even to its last excess, martyrdom), patience (like Job's), penitence (like that of Mary Magdalen, so dear to God), and generally, all manner of hard work and heroism. Parenthetically be it remarked that though you may not do evil that good may come of it, you may permit evil to that effect, and that is what God does.

*Nay.* I see, just what I expected, it amounts to saying that the world in which we are is the best world conceivable. An unflinching optimism is the only philosophy open to a consistent Theist.

*Yea.* The Theist is ever an optimist, I grant you, not however as maintaining that the world is the best world possible, for God never exhausts possibilities in any of His works,—that were to put His infinitude outside of Himself; but this world, the Theist says, is the world best adapted to God's absolute purpose in creating it. In that sense is true the famous saying said to have been spoken by our Lord to Mother Juliana of Norwich (see her *Revelations*, ch. xxxi.): "I may make all things well, I can make all things well, I will make all things well, I shall make all things well, and thou shalt see thyself that all manner of things shall be well." In the same sense St. Thomas writes:

Divine Providence, being absolutely perfect, arranges all things by the eternal forethought of His wisdom, down to the smallest details, no matter how trifling they appear. And all agents that do any work act as instruments in His hands, and minister in obedience to Him, to the unfolding of that order of Providence in creation which He has from eternity devised. But if all things that act must necessarily minister to Him in their action, it is impossible for any agent to hinder the execution of Divine Providence by acting contrary to it. Nor is it possible for Divine Providence to be hindered by the defect of any agent or patient, since all active or passive power is caused according to the Divine arrangement. The conclusion remains, that the Divine provision cannot be annulled (*Contra Gentiles*, iii. 94, cf. 71).

St. Thomas speaks of what shall be, when Providence has run its final course, when all moral evil shall be either atoned for by repentance or else duly punished, when suffering shall reap its reward, when every tear shall be wiped away, when death shall be no more (Apoc. xxi. 4).

*Nay.* You have to draw on faith; your philosophy breaks down under this problem of evil.

*Yea.* Wilt thou trust death or not? He answered, *Yes.*<sup>1</sup>

Yes, in death, confronted with Him who has overcome death, I trust to see the solution, not before. But I cannot acknowledge the total breakdown of my philosophy. I have never been able to get you to see, often as we have talked it over, the Catholic philosophy of possibles,—or in other words, of the ideal order, and the application of this doctrine to the problem of evil. I wrote on it in *THE MONTH*, about the year 1898, an article entitled, "the Greek Doctrine of Necessity."

Since then, I have written these notes on the *Contra Gentiles* :

There is, however, something,—we cannot call it a limitation, but we may call it a condition of divine intelligence and creative power,—a condition less regarded by St. Thomas, but forcibly commending itself to us, upon six centuries longer experience of the prevalence of evil on earth. Fewer combinations, far fewer perhaps than St. Thomas thought possible, and our short-sighted impatience might crave for as remedial, may be really possible at all. The range of intrinsic impossibilities may extend considerably, beyond the abstract regions of logic and mathematics, into the land of concrete physical realities, one reality, if existent, necessarily involving, or necessarily barring, the existence of some other reality. Such necessity, if such there be, is no limitation of divine power or divine intelligence. God still discerns endless possibilities, and can do whatever He discerns as possible ; but much that men take for possibility is rendered, on this hypothesis, sheer absurdity,—as impossible, let us say, as a "spiritual elephant." We wonder why God does not mend matters, as we would mend them had we His power. Had we His power, we should also have His intelligence, and discern that there is no riding out of our troubles on the backs of spiritual elephants. . . . In these days, when the great philosophic difficulty against theism is the prevalence of evil, it is of the first importance to beware of any theistic statement which seems to represent God as mere Will, arbitrary, unconditioned, and untrammelled by any regard to the eternal fitnesses and possibilities of nature. In the presence of evils which we daily experience, to ally such sheer, imperious, over-ruling and overwhelming Will with Goodness, is a task which one shrinks from contemplating. Happily, it is not the task of the philosopher and the Christian. No lord paramount *θυμός* or *βούλησις* can run counter to the *εἶδη*. That alone "doth become a God," which is consonant with the *εἶδη*, or fixed intelligible natures of things, which are the expression of His nature as imitable beyond Himself. God is, as St. Thomas calls Him, "the first measure

<sup>1</sup> Browning, *A Grammarian's Funeral*.

of every being and every nature" by virtue of what He is in Himself in His own being and His own nature, not by mere virtue of His will.<sup>1</sup>

To reduce God to sheer, arbitrary Will is, as Vasquez declares, a detestable piece of Nominalism, the ruin of philosophy and theology.

This being so, I do find it a little provoking, my dear sir, when you allege against me that the above position "does not make God the sole cause of all things," that it "postulates a nature of things over which He has no control," that it "does not represent Him as really almighty," that "there is now Necessity (*ἀνάγκη*) behind His throne," that "we are back in Dualism." For God's nature, being the exemplar of all things, is surely the sole cause of all things. There is no nature of things, outside of Him, "over which He has no control." He cannot make His own nature other than it is, but that is no imperfection in an All-perfect Being, nor consequently alter the necessary relations which any creatable natures must bear to His nature and thereby to one another. He is not less Almighty because His power stops short of the absurd. There is no "Necessity behind His throne," but He is a Necessary Being Himself, not whimsical, not capricious, not arbitrary, but one all-holy and unchanging God. We are not "back in Dualism," for all is of God: the ideal order is of His Essence as imitable outside Himself, the actual order exists by His Power. And how can you say that this is "introducing a Devil to bear the blame of all miscarriages"? The devil is a fact of history, but he has no place in philosophy at all.<sup>2</sup>

*Nay.* I may have my reply, but not now. But we are old friends, and concord is more consonant with friendship and age than wrangling. Will you not agree with me in my final conclusion? Let me formulate it. It is this:—"The worship of the Spirit of Good is the most Catholic of all communions: it consorts with every creed: under its symbol all sects may join in fellowship, all religions, all nations, all races, all mankind.

<sup>1</sup> *Of God and His Creatures*, see notes on pp. 94, 261—264. St. Thomas himself in the same work, i. ch. 54, pp. 39, 40, admits that Platonic Ideas are "defensible in some sort," namely, as St. Augustine took them, for the Divine Mind virtually containing in its one self the exemplars of all creation.

<sup>2</sup> Père Mercier, O.P., in an able article entitled "Le Préternaturel," in *Revue Thomiste*, Janvier—Février, 1908, argues that the conflict of God, or rather of Christ, with the devil is not, formally speaking, a strife of good and evil, but of supernaturalism against naturalism.

It has, moreover, in its favour the witness of consciousness, that if we sincerely pray to be guided by this Spirit, our prayer will not be left unanswered."

*Yea.* Let me reply in the words of our Saviour: *Pater vester de coelo dabit spiritum bonum petentibus se*—"Your Father from heaven will give the good spirit to them that ask Him" (Luke x. 13). In your last words, being an echo of our Saviour's words, I cordially acquiesce. But if your "Spirit of Good" is to be no more than the Higher Self in man, away from the worship of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost,—if such a very Modernist Deity, subjective and human, is what you call on us all to join in adoring,—I take up my parable and tell you: You are gathering us under the shelter of a tree, the root of which you have cut away.

JOSEPH RICKABY.

## *Anti-Monasticism.*

---

"Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you and shall speak all evil against you, untruly, for My sake." (St. Matt v. 11).

---

ANTI-MONASTICISM or opposition to the religious state is one aspect of anti-Clericalism or opposition to the Church. Very often it is the form in which anti-Clericalism first declares itself, for Monasticism, as a fulfilment of the counsels as well as of the precepts of Christianity, exhibits the spirit of that religion in an intense and concentrated form well calculated to arouse the hostility, wherever present, of the opposite spirit, the spirit of the "world." And so the religious state has generally had to bear the brunt of the attacks of the world on the Church. The early "Reformers" set the fashion, aided unfortunately by the fact that the salt in those days had in many cases so far lost its savour as gravely to discredit the institution itself. And so the non-Catholic mind, fed for centuries on the records of past monastic abuses, and knowing, besides, that the Orders form the body-guard of the Papacy it rejects, has the greatest difficulty in arriving at a right conception of the religious state. It was plain from the fact that the outrageous tyranny, which marked the first official actions of the Portuguese Republic, in dissolving and banishing the Religious Orders of the country without any form of trial, met with no effective protest in this land of boasted freedom, that the views professed and acted upon by the atheist Government were largely shared by the British public. The case of the Religious had been already decided by anti-monastic prejudice. The dog had a bad name and Senhor Braga in hanging him was only putting in force a sentence too long delayed. It seemingly did not strike the average journalist to enquire what great evil these people had done to render them, alone of Portuguese malefactors, unfit even to dwell in Portugal. It did not occur to any member of those excellent societies, which champion the cause of oppressed communities throughout



the world, and which have already memorialised the new Government to purge itself from the charge of abetting slavery in its colonies, to protest against the persecution and spoliation of these helpless men and women at home. It was enough that they were Catholic monks and nuns, much more noxious members of society than the harlots and gamblers, anarchists and slave-drivers, who were left undisturbed. As far, indeed, as their professed objects and public actions went, these Religious were not exactly evil-livers or professors of vice; they served the churches, instructed youth, tended the sick, fed the poor, reared the orphan; yet to the new Republic they were grievous even to behold. Still reeling after its first successful onset it issued the fiat of dispersal. *Nous chasserons tous les moines et les religieuses*, telegraphed Senhor Braga to the congenial columns of the *Times*, almost before he had seated himself in the Presidential chair. To the British mind the implication was clear. These inoffensive and beneficent folk—about a thousand, they say, in all the length and breadth of the land—were in reality the most corrupt product of the whole previous corrupt system, so anti-social in their principles, so treacherous in their conduct, that until the land was clear of them the stability of the new purified order, Senhor Braga's "epoch of austere morality and immaculate justice," could not be assured. They must be "hunted out" at twenty-four hours notice.<sup>1</sup> So, hunted out they were, and the British press<sup>2</sup> recorded the fact in lengthy telegrams, full of malicious and fictitious details but with no word of sympathy for the sufferers or indignation at the crime. The phenomenon, to be sure, is one with which by this time we are abundantly familiar. The lies, robberies and murders by which some forty years ago the unification of Italy was wrought, the persecution of the Church which with ever increasing intensity has marked the career of the French Republic, the German Kulturkampf in its day, and

<sup>1</sup> We confess that the barbarous and revolting injustice of all this does not affront our moral sense so painfully as do the condonation and veiled approval of it by reputable English papers like the *Times*. These Portuguese adventurers—"Windbag" Braga, as Carlyle would assuredly have called him, with his ridiculous "beneficent aspiration of a régime of liberty rising luminous in its virginal essence" and that "sea-green incorruptible," Affonso Costa, Minister of Justice,—only acted according to their unChristian kind. But there is no excuse for the cowardly anticlericalism of the *Times*. In fact, the thief does less harm to morality than his apologist.

<sup>2</sup> There were a few honourable exceptions amongst the correspondents, men who refused to be made the tools of the Portuguese rebels, but editorial reprobation was almost everywhere to seek.



even the various upheavals of Continental anarchism, have all found excuse and defence in the non-Catholic press.

Yet, hopeless as the task seems, we must still go on entering our plea for arrest of judgment. Banishment is no proof of badness. The Apostles themselves were turned out of the Synagogue: the early Christians were banished, whenever they could not conveniently be put to death. Those ultra-Protestant papers which are written for the uneducated by the uneducated are accustomed in their campaign of calumny against the Jesuits to record the fact that the Society has been time after time driven out of every country in Europe, as a conclusive proof of their noxious character. What they do not make clear is whether those expulsions were the acts of good Governments banishing evil-doers in the interests of Christian morality, or of bad Governments expelling good Christians in favour of some other scheme of ethics. And so in this case the unthinking multitude have not taken the trouble to enquire the real character of those who were the victims of this extreme penal measure. Falsely led by the lying Press, they were just as likely to question the wisdom of killing plague-infected rats in Suffolk.

Were it not the common (and indeed enviable) experience of the true follower of Christ to do good and be blamed for it, we might wonder at the fate which has overtaken the most innocent, God-fearing, and law-abiding people in Portugal, of being thus cruelly afflicted in body, goods, and reputation. We do not propose to defend them: they need no defence before Catholics. But we may profitably examine the relations of such a system as the religious life with the modern civil State, in order to see whether after all there is anything in monasticism injurious to political or social welfare. The question is alive in Spain to-day, and we may be sure that wherever Freemason influence grows strong enough, the question will again be raised with a view to solution *à la* Portugal. Is there any ground then for considering the profession of religion conducive to incivism or immorality? Is it detrimental either to the individual character or to the commonwealth?

The essence of the religious state is the practice of the "evangelical counsels" under the obligation of vow. These counsels suggest detachment from certain desirable creatures in order to adhere the more closely to the Creator. By Poverty the ownership or at least the independent use of external

goods is given up; by Chastity is abandoned the right of marriage and all that it entails; by Obedience there is committed to the disposition of another's will the free control of one's own life and conduct, within certain limits determined both by nature and statute. And this triple oblation of goods, body and will, is to be made primarily to God, and must be so entirely voluntary that any application of force or any degree of ignorance which should prevent essential freedom of choice would also render the vows null and void.

Now what is there in these freely-assumed disabilities to injure moral character? Is it not rather in the vices to which these virtues are directly opposed—theft, incontinence, insubordination—that immorality consists? Is a man the weaker for proving himself able to overcome the strongest desires of human nature? We are aware that the austere moralists who plundered the French monasteries and spent the booty on their mistresses did contend that vows in themselves were against the dignity of human nature, an unwarrantable misuse of human liberty. Man should always be free, said they, to change his mind and redetermine his course. This contention obviously would make the desire to form an indissoluble marriage immoral, and would destroy the obligation of all other permanent contracts. The true Christian doctrine is that the vows involve the highest use of liberty (which liberty is allowed us by our Maker only that our choice of good should be free and meritorious), and that to choose good by one single, deliberate, irrevocable act is in itself better than to make of it a number of separate elections. In the pithy phrase of St. Thomas, it is giving, not only the fruit, but also the tree itself. Of course the original offering perseveres in each future separate oblation, and the vow need not detract at all from the spontaneity of choice which would exist without it. If the person pledged is no longer free on occasion to withhold his service, he is at all events free to will and purpose it anew. What does degrade human nature and make it like the beast is bondage to sin, the inability to resist evil and irrational inclinations, not a loving adhesion to virtue made permanent by vow.<sup>1</sup> Our argument, therefore, is simple

<sup>1</sup> We need only just mention the opinions of Protestant theorists who, out of the abundance of their ignorance, speak of the "stunted personalities" induced by the religious life. Our Lord's "If thou wilt be perfect, come follow Me," is their sufficient answer. Still less worthy of notice, as regards the spirit of the cloister, are the evil fancies of prurient-minded fanatics—*animales homines*—with whom virtue is mere hypocrisy and secrecy necessarily sin.

and clear. The perfection of man consists in the fulfilment of his destiny. The freer a man is from all that hinders that fulfilment, the more likely he is to reach perfection. Nothing, it is found, so impedes man's achievement of his end as inordinate attachment to those things which are relinquished by the vows. Consequently the vows are a direct and powerful means, though not the only means, of attaining perfection.<sup>1</sup> We speak, of course, as Christians who know that man's perfection is wrought by serving God for the love of God. The atheist whose ideals are confined to earth, and mean, at the very highest, man's service for the love of man, and, ordinarily, self-service for the love of self, may well deny the utility of the vows.<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately for those that take them, the atheist is often in a position to give practical effect to his disbelief. As in Portugal to-day.

Yet it might fairly be urged that, since the religious profession strengthens and purifies the individual character, the more numerous its members the better for the State. For the good man is necessarily a good citizen. However, the inference is not quite sound; the perfection of the part may perhaps be pursued irrespective of the good of the whole. Obviously, if all its members became real celibates the commonwealth would presently cease to exist. And proportionately the practice of the vow of chastity might possibly be a factor worth consideration in the depopulation of a country. But the world will have to change very much before such a result is to be seriously apprehended. The religious state will always be for the few. Its members are divinely called, and Providence which has laid on the race the command—"Increase and multiply"—is not likely to defeat its own ends by an undue development of the spirit of monasticism. If the birth rate nowadays is falling, that fact is due to other less innocent causes than a love of chastity for Christ's sake. Not

<sup>1</sup> Even old Omar knew this truth—

Leave wife and child if Him you seek to win,  
And boldly close the door on kith and kin:  
All outward cares are fetters to the feet,  
Cast off such trammels ere the race begin!

which is the argument of 1 Cor. ix. 25 and St. Luke xiv. 26.

<sup>2</sup> It is chiefly the vow of Obedience that the anti-Christian cannot away with. Is it moral, is it right, for one possessed of the supreme prerogative of self-determination to make himself the slave of another's will? So he asks pathetically in his public speeches, and then goes and binds himself under stringent penalties to work for the ends and obey the mandates of the Secret Society to which he aspires! The devil knows the power of the religious system and has Orders of his own.

even the most virulent anti-clerical would ascribe, for instance, the gradual decrease of a neighbouring nation to the over-enthusiasm of the French for lives of strict continence.

Does the profession of poverty make the religious man or woman the worse citizen? Now-a-days, from various circumstances that profession does not preclude corporate possession of goods and, in this respect, with exceptions to be noted later, religious bodies are in the same condition as other corporations. Nor is it essential to the observance of the vow that the individual Religious should abandon all ultimate ownership of external possessions: it is enough that the right to free disposition of them is given up. Clearly, the State is not affected one way or another by these arrangements, except in three possible cases. The first is that religious corporations may enjoy exemption from burdens which press upon other organizations: the second that, if they belong to a widely extended Order, they may be the occasion of the removal of capital from the country; and the third that by engaging in work for their own support they may unduly lower the standard of wages. Let us examine these cases in the light of present circumstances.

With regard to the first, it is certain that whatever exemptions are enjoyed by religious corporations are either such as are granted in all Christian States for the furtherance of divine worship, or in recognition of services rendered, or such as have been conceded by the Government as part restitution for past spoliations of religious property. Two months ago,<sup>1</sup> we had occasion to point out how groundless was the assertion, sedulously spread by the enemies of the Church, that the Orders in Spain unfairly evaded the common burdens of citizenship. Elsewhere, they are even less likely to have done so. There is nothing in the spirit or system of monasticism to suggest dereliction of civil duty.

The second possible case affects communities which are not local or diocesan, but have their head-quarters in some foreign country. It is, we know, a fixed idea with bigoted non-Catholics that these Orders are so many agencies employed by "Rome" to collect what "Rome" is supposed to covet more even than power, viz., gold. By some strange mesmerism that maleficent sorceress is able to persuade countless men and women to scorn delights and live laborious days merely to feed her

<sup>1</sup> "Fablegrams from Spain," *THE MONTH*, October, p. 427.

appetite for filthy lucre. Those who want to believe this will doubtless do so: it certainly needs an effort of will. But a little consideration will show that, instead of sending money out of a country, a religious community may very well bring it in. Certain it is that a great many tradesfolk in England would have financial reasons to mourn the expulsion of foreign communities which have settled here. And in Portugal, the Republic has impoverished its resources by its blind fanaticism, for many of the Religious it expelled were supported by their foreign brethren. They might have learned more wisdom from Italy's Finance Minister, Signor Luzzati,<sup>1</sup> who said, on the expulsion of the French Congregations, that they should be welcomed with pleasure on account of the new financial support they would bring to the Italian treasury. In any case, as for sending money out of the country, it is what is being done every day by English capitalists, if we are to believe the Tariff Reformers, in order to escape taxation. Yet these men are not denounced as enemies to the State, but rather commended for their prudence.

Now we come to the third case, viz., that Religious living in community under conditions of great frugality, if not austerity, may be thus enabled to compete unfairly with secular persons in whatever lucrative occupation they adopt. It is the problem of Chinese cheap-labour over again—the existence of a class in the labour-market prepared to accept a lower standard of living than their neighbours and therefore content with less wages, a class which exists here as well as in the States, and gives rise to that economic monster—the “sweater.” Whether such competition in the abstract is immoral or not depends on the minimum standard of decent living in any particular country. People who are content with what is below proper human requirements, whether material or ethical, are clearly a menace to social welfare, and it is the business of the State, in one way or another, to provide against them. But whilst religious communities, even the most austere, cannot be said to offend in that way, still it would not be reasonable to defend their competition on the mere grounds that their rivals are free to adopt the same conditions of life. For their rivals are not free. Their rivals have to live in the world and to rear families for the progress of the State. An imaginary instance of such competition was set forth

<sup>1</sup> Now Premier.

in this journal last year<sup>1</sup> and may be quoted as admirably illustrating the difficulty.

Imagine [says the author] a Religious Society founded for the charitable purpose of conveying passengers about London. The brethren are all masters of the art of driving through crowded thoroughfares; cabs and horses, or motor-cars are provided, arrangements are made with authorities, and licenses taken out. On every cab is painted O.H.A., which means Order of Holy Aurigas. The members, being religious men, never clamour for excessive fares and use no bad language. They pool their earnings and live frugally and soberly. Of course, they have no families, but they have sick and aged brethren to support, and aspirants to train until they can drive safely. Occasionally a wealthy man . . . joins the Order and all his wealth goes to the common fund. Thus one way or another they are able to keep the fares down to sixpence for the first mile, or fraction of a mile, and twopence for every additional mile, not counting fractions. To save all possible dispute the fare is announced to each passenger as he gives his order and enters the cab. Clearly such a religious undertaking would have economic bearings. Its effect on the earnings of other cabmen may be conceived: their comments perhaps had better go unrecorded.

The conception is, as the author says, absurd, but its unreasonableness is not immediately apparent. Of course no Order could be founded for such an object: the means are disproportionate to the end. Leading a life of perfection under vow would not make one a more skilful driver, and a man may be just, civil, and decent of speech without being a friar. But if a number of men chose to form such a society, not under vow, it is not easy to see what ethical principle there is to prevent them, although, no doubt, the Home Secretary, in the interests of the general body, would not permit the cab-fares to be lowered.

It is easier to find justification for the employment of Religious in the occupations they generally adopt. We are speaking, of course, of the active Orders: no objection to the contemplatives can exist on this score. These occupations—Education and the Care of the Sick and Poor—come under the head of Works of Mercy, *i.e.*, altruistic pursuits for which, *ceteris paribus*, the virtues acquired in the practice of perfection make one especially suited. Education is largely concerned

<sup>1</sup> See *The Economy of Religious Orders*, by Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., THE MONTH, October, 1909. The whole article is well worth studying in connection with this subject.



with religious and moral development, whilst the aged and ailing, whether rich or poor, need spiritual help quite as much as physical. One cannot, of course, deny that the highest motives may actuate teachers and nurses who are not religious, but, ordinarily speaking, their spiritual experience will be less varied and intense, and other cares and interests will justly intervene to prevent whole-hearted devotion to their charge. Thus it would seem that the religious aspect of these particular employments renders more apt for them those who make a professed study of moral perfection, and can give an undivided attention to their charge. Education, as distinct from instruction, and the corporal works of mercy, adequately viewed, have an essential connection with the spiritual life; the same cannot be said of cab-driving and the like which are wholly secular pursuits.<sup>1</sup> And in providing such services, both better and cheaper than could be obtained otherwise, Religious, as has frequently been acknowledged, are equivalently presenting a large sum of money to the Catholic body, a section of the State. So that we may fairly conclude that the profession of evangelical poverty and all it entails in the economic world give no ground for the assertion that Religious Orders are a loss to the State. That they have been suppressed in France is of course no argument against them. It was the success of the confessional schools in making practical Christians, and not any economic or political shortcoming, that was their chief crime. Scholars who had learned there the supreme rights of God and of conscience, the value of the soul and the true function of the Church, were not likely to accept the "lay" ideals which the French Government wished to impose upon the nation. So those schools had to go, as they have had to go from Portugal in deference to similar ideals. And the French hospitals, as has been shown already in this Review,<sup>2</sup> have come to experience, as those of Portugal soon will, that the services of secular nurses under lay management are not so much for the benefit of patients as those of devoted Sisters, habituated to see in the sick and suffering the Person of Him to whom they had dedicated their lives.

<sup>1</sup> It may be urged that many religious communities maintain laundries, teach trades, &c., thus interfering in purely secular affairs. The answer is that such enterprises are not entered upon for the personal benefit of the directors, but simply for the support of the charitable institutions— orphanages, homes for penitents, &c.— which they have called into being. Thus they are a blessing rather than a burden to the State.

<sup>2</sup> "The Laicization of French Hospitals," *THE MONTH*, March, 1908.

We have seen that there is nothing in the vow of obedience to vitiate the individual character. It is a means adopted by Religious to ascertain in greater detail and with greater clearness the will of God, in the fulfilment of which their perfection lies. They believe that within the limits of his authority their lawful Superior is the channel of the divine purposes regarding their actions, and on that hypothesis their submission is not only not blameworthy, but rather shows the highest prudence. But there yet remains an objection to obedience from the point of view of the State, an objection greatly insisted on by the French free-thinkers in this campaign against the Orders. It amounts simply to this—men under a vow of obedience, especially if their Superior is a foreigner, may be ordered to do things against the welfare of the State to which they belong. Therefore, for political reasons, Religious Orders, those particularly which are not purely national in their range, should be distrusted, discouraged, or even dispersed. It will be seen that this is only a particular application of the old argument against the possibility of Catholics being truly loyal. Catholics obey the Pope, the Pope is a foreign potentate, therefore Catholics must be divided in their allegiance. There are at least two fallacies in this simple piece of logic.

The first is the assumption that the obedience vowed by the Religious, or acknowledged by the faithful Catholic, is absolute, and binds the subject irrespective of the moral law. Whereas, of course, it is the moral law that is absolute and conditions the subject's obedience. Now the moral law forbids any infringement of the due rights of the State, which is, therefore, secure against foreign interference of the kind suggested. The second assumption is that religious Superiors and "Rome" itself are accustomed to issue commands in regard to matters which are purely political, and of which the State has the sole direction. The Church's commands regard matters of faith and morals and ecclesiastical discipline, whilst religious Superiors are concerned with the spiritual and temporal interests of their communities. Of course, there is also the sphere of mixed jurisdiction, and equally, of course, one authority may on occasion invade the sphere proper to the other. The civil allegiance of subjects may be strained, as that of loyal French Republicans must frequently have been, by the intrusion of the State into the domain of conscience, and there are undoubtedly historical cases of the religious allegiance



of Catholics being strained by the mistaken interference of the ecclesiastical authorities with State affairs. But our point is that the loyalty of Religious to the State under which they live cannot be rendered suspect by their vow of obedience, and stands on exactly the same footing as that of Catholics generally, and indeed of all God-fearing men. It is sincere and practical and Christian, inspired by our Lord's command: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"—and conditioned by the Apostolic dictum: "We must obey God rather than man." It is equally the foe of Anarchy and State-Absolutism.

So far then from the existence of religious bodies in a country being a menace to social or political welfare, the effect is exactly the contrary. These communities, generally speaking, support themselves; what wealth they have is not hoarded, but is freely administered in various good works; they share the common burdens of citizenship, are rated and taxed like the rest; they set an example of order, frugality, virtue, self-sacrifice; they abound in good works; they observe the laws and violate no one's rights; as consumers and producers and employers of labour, they are exactly like other corporations—it is hard to discover any ground on which in a Christian State their presence and their multiplication can be objected to. In a Christian State. Of course, where the Christian ideal has been definitely abandoned and the spirit of Christianity rooted up, these Religious Orders are what that eminent Positivist, Senhor Braga, said of the Jesuits in Portugal, "an anomaly." But those Protestants who are still Christian at heart and can rise superior to the prejudice of ages, will surely recognize the truth of the picture of the religious state which the Protestant Newman painted long ago in Sermon XIX. on "Subjects of the Day."

If the truth must be spoken [he says], what are the humble monks, and the holy nun and other regulars as they are called, but Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture? What have they done but this,—continue in the world the Christianity of the Bible? Did our Saviour come on earth suddenly, as He will one day visit, in whom could He see the features of the Christians He and His Apostles left behind them but in them? Who but these give up home and friends, wealth and ease, good name and liberty of will, for the Kingdom of Heaven? Where shall we find the image of St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, or of Mary, the mother of Mark, or of Philip's daughters, but in those who, whether they remain in seclusion, or are sent over the earth, have calm faces and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames and

gentle manners, and hearts weaned from the world and wills subdued ; and for their meekness meet with insult, and for their purity with slander,<sup>1</sup> and for their gravity with suspicion, and for their courage with cruelty : yet meet with Christ everywhere,—Christ, their all sufficient everlasting portion, to make up to them, both here and hereafter, all they suffer, all they dare, for His Name's sake.

And statesmen, who have any eyes for the signs of the times, should hesitate before doing anything to weaken the spirit of religion which is the preservative of society. As Religious Orders embody the Christian ideal in the highest degree they are, as we have said, the first objects of attack by the anti-Christian forces. That is why the fact of the secular Press, consciously or unconsciously, playing so much into the hands of these latter is so very ominous. The "clericalism" our papers so freely denounce is in reality the endeavour of upholders of Christianity to make its influence felt in political life : the "reactionaries" whom they condemn are they who would bring society back to the religious ideals from which it has drifted. And both the aim and the effort are perfectly legitimate. Nothing betrays the rooted illiberality of the "secular" mind than the persistent contention that, whilst all other interests may lawfully strive to influence public policy, religion, the most important of all, must not be allowed a voice. Socialism may urge its impracticable (and in cases immoral) schemes without rebuke, advocates of all sorts of fads and fancies gain a hearing in this "free country." Brewers, lawyers, landowners, schoolmasters, doctors, merchants—all may freely work for legislation to favour their respective interests, but let the priest<sup>2</sup> labour in the political sphere for the interests of religion and we are sure to hear shouts or mutterings in the Press of "clerical dictation," "sacerdotal interference," "obscurantist tactics" and the like, so thorough is the divorce in the Protestant mind between the affairs of this world and those of the next.

No doubt, there is a sense in which clericalism, regarded as something wrong and hurtful, may exist and merit the

<sup>1</sup> "I assert," said a foul-minded romancer at a Free Church Council some two years ago, "that anything can be done in them [convents] : children can be born and women can die, there can be cruelty, crime, outrage ; and yet no one has the right to know anything about it."

<sup>2</sup> We refer primarily to the Catholic priest. Amongst the bitterest denouncers of so-called "clericalism" are many Nonconformist ministers who owe their influence largely to their religious character and profession. And the Anglican Church as a State institution is allowed a certain share in government.

condemnation both of Church and State. If merely secular designs are advanced under the cloak of religion or through pressure of spiritual influence, this is the prostitution of a holy thing to unworthy ends. Were a free-trade Bishop to excommunicate all Catholic tariff-reformers, or were the Pope to attach great spiritual privileges to the profession of say, republicanism, then civil Governments might justly complain of clericalism. If, on the other hand, ecclesiastics were to engage, even with the best of motives, in secular politics so as to render themselves unfitted for their relative duties—this would be a form of clericalism reprobated by the Church. But to maintain that the priesthood or religious profession *ipso facto* renders a person unfitted to exercise the rights of a citizen, that a cleric as a cleric should have no share in the choice of the political system under which he is to live, is justifiable neither in fact or theory. One may advance republican convictions yet be loyal to a monarchy, and *vice versa*. The Portuguese Government has banished its Religious on the plea that they were in sympathy with monarchy. Equally justly might the Italian Government have exiled the Genoese Republican party, which assembled lately in large numbers to celebrate the proclamation of the new Portuguese *régime*. Persecution for political opinions breathes the spirit of a despotism. As long as citizens faithfully observe the law, they are entitled, whatever their sentiments, to the protection of the law.

It is plain, then, finally, that the monastic state is on many grounds a source of strength to the commonwealth,<sup>1</sup> and that the anti-monasticism which is so vigorous on the Continent springs, not from the evil effects of the system, but from anti-Christianity,<sup>2</sup> and in its logical development is against all supernatural authority, and the very idea of God.

J. K.

<sup>1</sup> A remarkable recognition of this fact by a body which is largely "liberal" in its composition, the Sociological Institute "Solvay" of Belgium, has just come to hand. Speaking of the Belgian colonies it asserts—"The influx of religious women is greatly to be desired. Whatever our philosophic theories may be, we are all of us convinced that the presence of these admirable women is an immense benefit to Africa." And they go on to allege as the reason the charity and self-devotion the nuns display. Quoted in the *Universe*, November 25th.

<sup>2</sup> One last instance of this spirit may be quoted from a statement published by the Acción Social Popular of Valladolid. After enumerating the good works accomplished by the Religious Orders in Spain, it points out that the number of nuns throughout the whole country, which is thought excessive, is 41,526, whilst in Madrid alone there are about 44,000 women of ill-fame!

## *Boulogne Mouth.*

WHEN, on a December day, nearly 222 years ago, James II. fled from England, he landed on the coast of France at Ambleteuse, a little village about midway between Boulogne-sur-mer and Cape Grisnez, and about seven miles from either. The shores of this part of France consist of wide stretches of sand, with sweeping curves of Kimmeridge clay and Portland stone, here and there a promontory of brown boulders, like Grisnez, and, between Grisnez and Calais, an outbreak of chalk cliff culminating in Cape Blancnez which, about as high as Beachy Head, stands almost opposite Dover. As to Grisnez, the revolving flash from its lighthouse is an object familiar to evening walkers-out on our Kentish piers and parades from Ramsgate, past Deal and Dover and Folkestone, to Dungeness-Ambleteuse, where James II. landed, was until lately what it probably was then, nothing but a wild fisher village among the dunes, inhabited by two or three hundred fisher people whom one somehow connects in old times with not only fishing but wrecking.

There is no romance of that sort now, still this strip of coast between Boulogne and Calais is perhaps, for us English, the most interesting corner of the Continent. Its interest seems to reach back to times pre-historic, for in those days, as one may see in atlases of Physical Geography, we belonged to it or it to us; Britain was not an island, and Dover and Blancnez chalk was one continuous formation, not yet sea-sundered. But sea-sundered it was before Julius Cæsar invaded us from a Gallic port, which some identify with Boulogne, other authorities holding that Wissant, midway between Grisnez and Blancnez, is Cæsar's *Portus Itius*. Next we come, at the beginning of the Christian era, to Caligula who seems to have contemplated an invasion of Britain from Boulogne, but whose army was content to fill its helmets with the cockle-shells that still strew the Boulogne sands very plentifully. Yet perhaps it did something more. For it is with the name of Caligula that are connected the ruins of an ancient lighthouse on the cliff.

Originally it was a tall hexagonal structure in red brick, known in Roman times as the Burning Tower. A fisherman's street that climbs up to it has always borne the name Rue Tour d'Odre, supposed to be a corruption of *Turris Ardens*. The tower was still standing, apparently in good repair, in Henry VIII.'s time, as we may see in contemporary prints representing that monarch's siege of Boulogne.

We may note, by the way, that the not altogether unfamiliar public-house name of *The Bull and Mouth* has been derived from this siege, *Bull and Mouth* being supposed a corruption of "Boulogne Mouth" (*i.e.* harbour), a name given in patriotic commemoration.

By the time James II. came to these parts, the *Turris Ardens*, either from neglect or from the subsidence of the northern cliff on which it stood, was becoming ruinous. All that remains of it now is a rugged lump of red brick, like an excrescence on the cliff's brow, with innumerable fragments of old masonry scattered about and imbedded in the clay of the cliff side. This remnant of the tower attributed to Caligula is situated some fifty yards beyond the large wooden Crucifix which, at the northern, perched-up extremity of Boulogne looks down from a little chapel upon the harbour-mouth and right over the westwardly expanding sea. This Calvary may be reached by a winding road up the cliff, and a blowy spot it is sometimes. Here you get the full force of the winter sou'-westers. And hence in summer you get magnificent views of sunset on the sea. From this spot again in clear weather, you get a glimpse of the Kent cliff line as if cut in crystal. With the sea thus in front of us, we have on our left hand, as we look downward to the south-west, the harbour and some of the lower town of Boulogne, in the hollow of the valley, and if, say, it be a quiet summer evening, we may see as murky a scene as any from London Bridge, the smoke collecting in the sheltered hollow in great clouds, due in part to the big factories on Boulogne's south-western outskirts.

Turning our back to the sea and looking south and south-eastward we have, within a step, the fisher-town, quaint, picturesque, unsophisticated, with pungent smells coming from dirtiness which is of the surface and means not bad drainage, but what is, perhaps, less dangerous, no drainage at all. The fisher-town with the modern Gothic Church of St. Peter standing in its midst covers the hillside seawards, while inland, beyond

it, rising on another hill, is the old upper town, girdled with grey ramparts and crowned with its domed Cathedral of Notre Dame.

What, in the past history of this strip of coast, first arrests our attention, after the expeditions of the Roman Emperors, is that expedition, Roman also, of St. Augustine and his Benedictine monks. It must have been, I think, from somewhere between Boulogne and Calais that St. Augustine passed over to Ebbs-fleet, thirteen centuries ago plus a few years. One of the forty monks who accompanied him, named Peter, was afterwards wrecked off Ambleteuse, died, and was buried in the old Church of Notre Dame in the upper town, an old church which stood on the site of a pagan temple. This Peter, afterwards canonized, is known as St. Pierre d'Ambleteuse.

Some forty years later, legend tells us of an event of very great importance to Boulogne. To this event, as to the obscure source of some big river, we may trace that cultus of Notre Dame de Boulogne which, growing up in early mediæval times, had by the fourteenth century become world-renowned. According to the local legend, the event happened in the seventh century; the year is given variously as 633 and 636, or about forty years after St. Augustine's journey to Ebbs-fleet.

The faithful of the Upper Town were assembled in the rude wooden church that covered the remains of St. Peter of Ambleteuse, when our Lady appeared to them, announced her intention of coming to dwell in their midst, and bade them build a new church and set up her shrine in it. On the same day, in marvellously clear weather and on a perfectly calm sea, an open boat, without sailor or steersman, was seen approaching the shore at that part of Boulogne where the fisher quarter then was. Presently the boat was found to contain a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, bearing on her left arm the Infant Saviour. The image was about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. high. With it were certain relics, and a Bible. Whence or how these things came remained a mystery. Such is the legend.

One modern idea is that, the event happening at a time when churches in the East were being ransacked by the Saracens, this image, and the Bible, and the relics, had been placed for safety or transport in a boat which drifted away, winds and waves bringing it eventually to the place where it was found by the fishermen of Boulogne. The image was duly enshrined in a new church that was built for it and became the



material centre of the local cultus. This much is quite historically certain, that, for centuries, the shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne was the goal of pilgrims and the scene of remarkable cures, and of events regarded as miraculous.

One might speculate on the possibility and the probability of St. Thomas of Canterbury having visited this shrine. The Saint could scarcely have proceeded from the South of France to that already-mentioned Wissant from which he sailed for England just a month before his martyrdom, without passing on his way through Boulogne. St. Thomas of Canterbury takes us back 700 years, or more than half-way to the date given for the coming of the mystic ship. And half-way between St. Thomas and ourselves is Henry VIII. who besieged and reduced Boulogne. He surrounded it, captured Caligula's tower, which he strengthened and fortified, and bombarded the Upper Town. One or two of his cannon-balls may still be seen sticking in the rampart walls. During the few years Boulogne remained in our possession the famous image was taken away to Canterbury, but restored to its place in Boulogne in the reign of Henry's successor. Then, however, came the Huguenots, who played havoc with churches and shrines and images. They seem never to have had complete power in Boulogne, but they had enough to make themselves very disagreeable.

For a few years there was a Huguenot Governor of Boulogne, during whose term of office the image was stolen away at night and, after an unsuccessful attempt to burn it, was thrown over the ramparts and then into a well, where it remained for a long time. Through the Huguenot Governor's wife however, who was a pious woman, it was at last discovered and rescued, though in a damaged condition, and was replaced in the Cathedral. There it remained undisturbed for nearly two centuries, and then, almost within the memory of our grandfathers, troublous times again arose and it disappeared in the upheaval of the French Revolution.

We may read a description of a Saturday market-day at Boulogne in December, 1793, when an excited mob dragged the image through the gutters of the town at a cart's tail, and finally, so it is recorded, burnt it. Whether it was really consumed is still in some quarters doubted.

A hand was saved and just a splinter of this fragment encased in the back of a golden or gilt hand made to receive it, may be seen in its place in the apse of the new Cathedral at

this day. There also in that new Cathedral, scarcely half a century old, yet built over a crypt which may be older than twenty centuries, stands a rather fine modern statue, in the Byzantine style, of the Mother bearing on her arm the Holy Child. She stands in an open boat manned by two angels. And to this shrine pilgrimages are made at certain seasons from the various parishes of Boulogne, from other towns of France, from other countries,—cures, favours, material and spiritual do not cease to be recorded,—and some of us may have seen the solemn annual procession, which until four or five years ago, took place on the Sunday following the feast of the Assumption. Then, escorted by contingents of the clergy and the faithful from all the parishes of the town and of the suburbs, including the picturesquely attired fisherwomen, the statue of Our Lady of Boulogne was borne with bands and banners through the crowded summer streets, and the Bishop of the diocese bringing up the rear, had all his time taken up with the mothers, who thronged him with their babies for the episcopal blessing.

Here was a touch of the ancient glamour, once attached to this modern port and pleasure-place, with its smoking factories, its herring-fisheries, its Casino and gaming tables, and its sea-bathing, all of which make doubly dear the long wild walks far away from such modernity. And what charm would even these last lose without the rude wayside crucifix, and the humble village church one enters to find what is better than architectural beauty—a living practical piety.

We had taken our stand just now at that perched-up northern corner of Boulogne where the Calvary is. Thence we may without much difficulty scramble down the cliff by the ruins of Caligula's tower and make our way out on to the sands. Supposing it to be about six or seven o'clock in the evening, about the time of the new or of the full moon, it will be far out low tide and we shall have perhaps a quarter of a mile of beach to cross before reaching the edge of the sea. Then we come to a fine region of solitude, one of those places where nature remains mistress—nothing around us but sky, sea and sand. True it is that within the last generation, a break-water has been pushed about a mile out to sea, westward of the harbour mouth, protecting it from the brunt of the south-west storms. Yet, when all is said and done, we shall always find a wild irreclaimable margin on the border between land and sea, where no man has ploughed or planted and where the aspect of things must from age to age remain much the same.



On such a wide stretching shore as this it is easy to understand that the beach has no even declivity, but undulates—and in coming where we are now we have had to traverse more than one shallow sandpool. Further ahead of us, beyond the low tide limit and far into the water there are sandbanks. Before the dyke or breakwater was built, altering as it did the set of the currents hereabout, the sand used to collect at the head of the western pier in a great heap—and there was a veritable “bar” for incoming or outgoing ships. The negotiation of Boulogne mouth in some weathers and at some tides was by no means an easy matter, and, in rough westerly or south-westerly weather, when Boulogne becomes a lee shore, one has watched for an hour or two while the appearance of a sail on the horizon grew to be some big ship slanting, though under almost bare poles, getting near enough to the pier heads for the crew to be distinguished, and then drifting helpless on to the sands.

So it happened seventy-seven years ago, close to the spot where, in spirit, we have taken our stand. At about nine o'clock at night, late in August, a big ship lay threatened by the sand and the seas that advanced in the darkness like weltering hills. On the highest part of her deck were a crowd of over one hundred terror-stricken women, with a few small children. Some of the ship's crew had climbed into the rigging.

This ship was the convict ship, *Amphitrite*. She had grounded at about half-past five in the afternoon, when the tide was down. At six or seven o'clock the tide was on the flow. At about half-past nine she parted amidships, and half an hour later the Boulogne sands began to be strewn with bodies. Of 140 people on board only three men escaped, and one of these three died almost as soon as he was rescued.

Let us go back a little while.

On Thursday, August 29, 1833, began those gales which blew down half the hops in Kent and did much other damage both by land and sea. On that date the *Amphitrite* was off Dungeness, having left Woolwich a few days before, bound for Australia, with 108 female convicts, twelve children belonging to them, and a crew of some eighteen or twenty including a surgeon and his wife.

Being a sailing vessel, the *Amphitrite* did not make very rapid progress and perhaps the captain was trying to get what shelter he could on the English side of the Channel. Anyhow

it was not until the afternoon of Saturday the 31st, that his ship was sighted off Boulogne, about three o'clock, in the grip of a north-west gale. Her appearance off a lee shore soon attracted attention. The Boulogne season was still in full swing, in spite of the bad weather, and many sightseers came down on to the beach. Old salts declared that the ship was certain to be driven on to the sands, and so it proved. The tide was low and still on the ebb, when at about 5.30 the *Amphitrite* grounded. From that moment she was doomed, being bound to stick fast in the sand and to be submerged when the tide rose again. She lay about half a mile beyond reach, nearly opposite the ruins of Caligula's Tower. On board however, no anxiety seemed to have been entertained. The captain had ordered the anchor to be let go, and was now waiting for the turn of the tide to float his ship. The flood tide began about six or seven, the weather still very bad, the wind blowing as hard as ever.

Those on board made themselves as snug as possible under the circumstances, the convicts remaining in their quarters, which, by the way, according to contemporary evidence, must have been unsatisfactory. There was no classification of the prisoners, and criminals of every degree were herded together in what might easily become a kind of pandemonium.

It may add a touch of reality to recall that among these women was a certain Maria Hoskins, a letter from whom, thanking the Sheriff's Fund for help in clothes, &c., to this convict party, appeared in the *Times* a few days before the wreck.

As evening fell, the convicts would appear to have retired to rest quite unconscious of danger. To those on shore the danger was plain, and two attempts at rescue seem to have been made. The *Amphitrite* was actually reached by a boat manned by a dozen volunteers, but a deaf ear was turned to them. The boat returned, the danger increased; those on board the *Amphitrite* gave no sign of activity; it was then that a Boulogne pilot, a man named Hénin, tried single-handed to establish communication between the shore and the doomed ship. There was yet time to save every soul in her. He managed after an hour's wading and swimming to reach the *Amphitrite*, and hail those on board.

Although this all happened only seventy-seven years ago, and there are extant contemporary accounts, it is difficult to make

out exactly what did happen and why. There seems to have been absolute apathy all this time among those in charge of the ship. They made little or no response to the efforts that do indeed appear to have been made to awaken them to a sense of their danger, and to save them. According to a commemorative tablet, presented by a large number of English visitors, eye-witnesses of the efforts made by the Boulogne mariners, it would seem that "a mistaken sense of duty" prevented the captain from accepting help. He considered himself bound to keep his prisoners under his own ward and guard until landed at their destination in Botany Bay or wherever it was to have been. But one gets rather a different idea from the evidence given at the inquiry.

All are agreed that at first there was no thought of danger. Later on, when the tide rose and the ship did not move, when, by signs from the shore and by the arrival of a boat and afterwards, of the pilot Hénin, the true state of things began perhaps to be realized, there was talk of launching the long boat. It was said afterwards that the doctor's wife wanted to go with her husband, but objected to landing with the convicts, whom, on the other hand, the doctor refused to leave behind; whereupon the captain, reluctant perhaps to set the convicts free, ordered that no boat at all should be launched. Presently the rising sea had invaded the lower parts of the ship, and the women had made their way on to the quarter-deck. There they huddled in a drenched and terror-stricken crowd until the ship, after being pounded heavily on the sands, gave way beneath them.

This was at half-past nine; by ten the bodies were being washed ashore in scores. One or two of the women, who were most of them clad in little more than their night-dresses, had babies tied to them.

This comparatively recent event, recent and yet already so shrouded in obscurity, may serve as a grim contrast to the picture suggested in the Legend of Our Lady of Boulogne.

HENRY DAVISON.

## *Social Study in Seminaries.*

---

### II.

IN THE MONTH for October, 1910, some examples were adduced of the warm encouragement given by the Holy See and by Catholic Bishops on the Continent to social study in ecclesiastical seminaries. A few instances were also recorded (their number might have been increased indefinitely) of the way in which this encouragement has resulted in the organization of social studies in continental seminaries, whether as part of the official course or by means of voluntary study clubs approved by the ecclesiastical authorities.

Now it need scarcely be pointed out that the methods of social study in vogue in foreign seminaries by no means lend themselves to exact reproduction in this country. Our clergy differ very considerably from their brethren (for example) in France. The difference extends not merely to such matters as numerical strength, methods of work, and conditions of life, but also to temperament, social influence, relations with civil authorities, and status generally. The opportunities of the clergy in the two countries differ considerably. To take but one instance, France is an agricultural country where small farms abound; whereas in England there is little scope for the social activities of such "country vicars" as M. Fonsegrive's hero. On the other hand, the Catholic priest in this country may have opportunities of social work open to him which are seldom within reach of the French Curé.

The object of the previous article, therefore, was not to suggest that the social studies pursued in continental seminaries might be introduced point for point among our own Church students. For the studies of a seminary will be conditioned by the needs and opportunities which will confront the students in after-life, and these, as has just been said, differ very considerably on the two sides of the Channel. Nevertheless, there is much to be gained from a careful study of foreign methods, as the following considerations may show.

In the first place, it provides us with an answer to the objections which are sometimes urged against social activity on the part of the clergy on the score that it is unpriestly, and leads to a depreciation of sacerdotal dignity. For such an argument can best be met, not by *à priori* considerations, but by pointing to a large number of concrete instances. Is it or is it not a fact that the social activity of Catholic priests on the Continent has brought back whole parishes to the frequentation of the sacraments? Do the "agricultural missionaries" of the diocese of Cambrai increase or diminish by their social work the respect in which they are held by the people? Does the interest taken by the German parish priest in social reform tend to lower his parishioners' appreciation of the supernatural? The tree has been planted long enough to enable us to judge of it by its fruits.

Again, the social activity of the continental clergy (including the organization of social studies in seminaries) has not been out of all relation to the opinions and the desires of ecclesiastical superiors. We have seen how in numerous instances the initiative has been taken by the Pope or the Bishops. In other cases the authorities have encouraged spontaneous efforts, and given a cordial sanction to experiments. True, the whole matter is a difficult one, and there have been mistakes and exaggerations. Superiors have sometimes found it their duty to restrain as well as to stimulate. But we may safely say that the history of the movement on the Continent during recent years is a sufficient reply to those who deprecate social studies in seminaries on the score that it is contrary to the spirit of the Church.

And finally, a study of what is being done abroad cannot fail, in spite of natural differences, to be suggestive as well as reassuring. General methods may be adopted and hints gathered, especially from districts where the conditions more nearly resemble our own.

Before passing on to consider the opportunities for social study provided in English seminaries, it will be interesting to see how the matter is regarded in America. By way of illustration, we may select a conference held at the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association (Cincinnati, Ohio) in July, 1908. Papers were read by the Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., and the Rev. John Ryan, D.D., on the study of social questions in the seminary, and these papers were followed by a discussion.

Dr. Kerby, while fully recognizing the heavy demands already made upon the seminarian's time, does not hesitate to plead for the addition to the faculty of every seminary of a specialist in social science. To objections as to the extent of the difficulties, he replies by pointing to the extent of the need :

The social and spiritual leadership of the priesthood is at stake. Pope Leo recognized it: we see proof of it every day. In our industrial centres to-day the priest must understand the issues raised by socialism, labour unions, methods in charity, labour legislation, reform movements. If he does not, he ceases to be a leader. If he would have information, understanding, and method, his seminary course must prepare him for the work.

Dr. Kerby is of opinion that, the services of such an expert being once secured, social studies might be introduced into a seminary "easily, gradually, and with profit." For there need be no attempt to give every student a specialized training in social sciences.

Undoubtedly there are to be found in every seminary some students of superior ability with a taste for social sciences. These students meet the demands of the curriculum with relative ease. Might not they form the nucleus of a serious class in social studies whose members would do first-rate work? And might not numbers of them find it possible to get a University course after ordination and take degrees? Half a dozen such issuing every year from our seminaries would quickly give us a body of thinkers and writers in social lines whose influence in the body of the clergy would be marked.

With regard to this last suggestion it may be noted that it has been endorsed by the Holy Father in his recent letter on the *Sillon*, and that several American Bishops have taken to sending some of their clergy to München-Gladbach for a course of social studies.

As regards the larger body of seminarians, Dr. Kerby thinks that they should at least be given such general instruction and training as would enable them to "use sources intelligently and recognize their limitations sensibly."

Principles of social investigation, questions of method, of observation, classification and interpretation of social facts; information on the nature, constitution, and content of movements like socialism, labour unions, reform legislation, discussion of methods and problems in charity, might be taken up with great advantage.

Dr. Ryan deals with the question in a broader way, and



much of his paper is concerned with the importance of economic motives in human action and the value of an economic and social training to the priest.

The importance to the clergy of an understanding of our social problems will increase with the inevitable increase of the problems themselves. Therefore the priest of the future should be equipped to deal intelligently with these problems from the very outset of his ministry. To this end he should receive in the seminary an amount of social instruction which will be fundamental and scientific: which will be sufficiently extensive to make him acquainted with the vital facts of current social conditions, tendencies, and doctrines; which will be sufficiently stimulating to give him a lasting interest in these phenomena; and which will be sufficiently thorough to enable him to deal intelligently, justly, and charitably with the practical situations that he will be compelled to face afterwards.

Dr. Ryan proceeds to give an interesting account of the manner in which Economic History and Political Economy are taught in the provincial seminary of St. Paul:

The object of the discussion of economic history is to give some account of the Gild system and of the economic life of the Middle Ages generally, to trace the origin and development of the present industrial order, and to show the bearing of economic institutions upon the life and thought of their particular age. The object of the course in economics is to describe in outline the forces and influences which actually govern the production, exchange, distribution, and consumption of material goods. . . . Six years' experience seems to indicate that the allotment of so much time to social topics has not been detrimental to the course of instruction in Moral Theology.

This last observation is reassuring. It is a welcome addition to the evidence (already sufficiently abundant) that social study may be keenly prosecuted in seminaries without prejudice to the philosophical and theological course. Were this not the case such study would stand self-condemned. The matter was well put by one of the speakers at the American Conference:

I think what we want more than ever in this country and at this time is a good, sound grasp of philosophical and theological principles. If the seminarian is not able to supply these principles when he comes out, all his kindergarten training in various branches of knowledge will be useless.

There is, as has been pointed out, a real danger here. The "actuality" of social studies may easily tempt the young



ecclesiastic to wander from the more austere paths of theology. Yet, on the other hand, such studies, if wisely directed and controlled, may impart a new freshness to what might otherwise appear arid and academic. They may help to give body and content to the formulas of the schools, to illustrate principles and to supply a background of interest and an inspiring motive for thorough and intelligent work. Take, for instance, the treatise on ethics. Some knowledge of the actual problems presented by Trade Unionism, Sweating, Poor Law Reform movements, Trusts and Pools and the like, will make our ethical principles at the same time more luminous and more interesting. The student will be driven back upon them, will ponder over them, and apply them not because he wishes to pass an examination, but because he wishes to assimilate them as a necessary condition for dealing with concrete problems which will confront him all his life. Similarly with regard to theology. The student will be the better able to appreciate the magnificent cohesion, the satisfying completeness, the solidity and harmony of Catholic theology if he is able in some measure to appreciate its bearings upon modern needs and current aspirations. He will realize that he is mastering a science which will stand him in good stead. It is not a question of drawing off energy from these fundamental studies or lessening the esteem in which they are held. It is a question of supplying an additional motive for mastering them and of emphasizing their importance. Devotion to the text-book is shown to increase rather than diminish when supplemented by a wisely-controlled course of social study; for the text-book thus supplemented is regarded no longer as a fetich for the placation of examiners, but as an invaluable ground plan for the edifice of well-wrought and accurate knowledge.

This suggests another consideration. It is not difficult to secure hard work among seminary students during their period of training. But it is said to be extremely difficult to "inculcate an effective incentive for continued study," to quote the words of an American Vicar General.

Is it not a painful fact [he adds] that for a considerable number of young priests the definition of *sacerdotium* reads something like this: *Finis studiorum*? The distinctively ecclesiastical branches of seminary study are so charming and so sublime in their nature, so varied and numerous in their sources and so infinite in their extent, that it cannot but seem strange that a young priest should be so

anxious to shelve his books and bid a joyful farewell to his studies after his ordination.

In other words, the mastery of the text-book should be regarded not as the completion of the theological edifice, but the laying of the foundation for a process of building which is to continue through life. Hence the need of an abiding interest which will save the student from shutting up his books with a vigorous and vindictive slam as soon as his tutelage is over. Such interest would seem to be supplied in some measure by a sensitive alertness to current social problems.

To secure such an abiding interest it is not necessary to cover all the ground in detail or to multiply formal lectures on social subjects. What is wanted is a grasp of principles, an alertness of mind, a general knowledge of social tendencies, and some acquaintance with methods and sources. It would be preposterous to expect a seminary to supply a completed training in social science. The thing could not be done without prejudice to more important studies. But something may be done to start the students on lines which they can prosecute afterwards, and to give them a sense both of the importance and the vastness of the subject. To get them to realize their own limitations will be more profitable than to give them the impression that they have learnt all they need ever know on the subject.

We may now consider what is actually being done and projected in the way of social study in our own seminaries in England. The matter is of general interest to all Catholics, for a knowledge of the facts will provide us with an answer to those who declare that seminary training is antiquated and useless, and that it does little to prepare men for the actual problems of life.

It should be said that the following pages are based upon information kindly supplied to the writer by the Superiors of several of our larger ecclesiastical seminaries, both secular and regular. No attempt is made to give a complete account of the work which is being done; it has seemed sufficient to select a few typical examples. It need scarcely be added that the present article has not been written for the purpose of advising the Superiors of seminaries as to how they should conduct the establishments of which they are in charge. Its purpose is merely to collect in a convenient form the information which

they themselves have supplied and the suggestions which they have made.

That there is need for social study in English seminaries no less than in those of the Continent is the deliberate conviction of those who have the best right to speak on the subject.

To my mind [writes the Superior of a diocesan seminary] there can be no doubt about the importance of our young priests having thought out, systematically and under proper guidance, the social problems which the mass of their people have to face. It is not merely that a sympathetic and intelligent interest in these subjects will give them an influence with their flocks which they can use for supernatural ends, but that the Church has a message, and the people expect the priest to tell them what it is. And in delivering it he must inspire confidence. The people are quite ready to look upon him as a leader, but he must deserve the position by a competent and compelling knowledge of the questions at issue.

The actual methods of social study which are followed in our seminaries may be conveniently grouped under the following heads:

- (a) Formal lectures as part of the ordinary course.
- (b) Occasional lectures by externs.
- (c) Organized studies as part of the ordinary course.
- (d) Study clubs, debating clubs, and essay societies (voluntary).
- (e) Private study encouraged by Superiors. Use of social libraries, &c.
- (f) Practical work, especially during vacations.

(a) The amount of time which is given to formal lectures as part of the ordinary course is largely conditioned by the total length of the course. Thus, where three years are allotted to philosophy, more can be done in this way. A couple of examples will suffice.

At one seminary a special course of lectures (an hour a week for two years) has been instituted for the philosophy students. It follows to a considerable extent the main lines of Père Antoine's admirable *Cours d'Economie Sociale*. At another, the lectures on "Special Ethics" are made to include not only the examination and refutation of socialism, but also some account of present social evils and suggested remedies. These lectures are given daily, last for an hour, and extend over three or four months. Among the subjects treated are those of Unemployment, the Minimum Wage, Small Holdings, the Poor Law, and Poverty in towns.

In both these cases the formal lectures are supplemented by papers read by the students, about which something will be said presently.

Hence we find two types of social lecture courses in our seminaries. The one is a development of the "special ethics" course, and the lectures are given daily for a few months: the other is a more independent course, lectures being given once a week for a year or two. There is much to be said in favour of each of these methods, and we need not enter upon the reasons which may make one of them more suitable in a particular instance. But stress may be laid once more upon the fact that these social lectures have a structural place in the philosophical and theological curriculum, and that the success which attends them contributes to the interest and thoroughness with which the course as a whole is assimilated. Similarly, the students who profit most by these social lectures are those who have the firmest grasp of philosophical and theological principles.

(b) Occasional lectures are given in several seminaries by experts who are not members of the staff. Such lectures are found to be useful in creating interest, suggesting new points of view, or conveying specialized knowledge somewhat off the beaten track. Mr. Norman Potter, for instance, has frequently lectured to Catholic seminarians, and his wide knowledge, keen enthusiasm, and sympathetic manner have never failed to make a deep impression. It seems probable that in view of the vast extent of social science, its importance for Catholics, and the difficulty of providing each seminary with experts, even more advantage may be taken in the future from this system of occasional lectures. In cases where the course is not long enough to allow time for much in the way of regular lectures on social subjects, these periodic social *feruorinos* may do much to create an interest which will bear fruit later on.

(c) With regard to organized studies as part of the ordinary course, we find in our seminaries a great variety of excellent methods, some of which might be adopted with considerable profit by groups of lay-students.

Thus at one seminary the "philosophers" are called upon to produce papers on special questions of practical interest. Among these are the following:

Poverty (based on Rowntree and W. Reason in the Aldine series).

Unemployment (based on Beveridge).

Sweating (based on Clementina Black).

History of Poor Law Legislation.

Present position of the Poor Law.

Housing.

Catholic social work abroad.

These papers are read during the ordinary lecture time, and are followed by a discussion under the direction of the professor.

At other seminaries a similar method of reading papers is in vogue. In one case at least these papers take the form of popular addresses, and care is taken to strip them as far as possible of technical phraseology or academic expressions. Hence they become an excellent preparation for public speaking, and teach the student how to translate his scientific knowledge into the simplest and most effective terms.

(d) Even more variety is found in the study clubs, debating clubs, and essay societies which are to be found in all seminaries. Here there is much scope for initiative among the students themselves, and the results secured have been eminently satisfactory. In some cases it has been found advisable to establish more than one study club; two or three such clubs, each of eight or ten members, appears to be a better arrangement than one large one.

In this matter of study clubs the need of guidance becomes apparent. In some cases this is secured by the presence of a professor; in others the Superiors prefer to leave the students to conduct their own meetings. Most of the seminary study clubs are affiliated to the *Catholic Social Guild*—a society which has met with the warmest welcome from directors of seminaries, and which numbers many distinguished ecclesiastics among its members. The *Guild* supplies bibliographies, suggestions as to subjects and methods, book-boxes, lectures, and even lecturers. It also serves as a centre of reference in social study for the various seminaries, and has secured the collaboration of a number of seminary professors.

(e) With regard to private study we learn that the seminaries are as a rule well equipped with social literature, and that encouragement is given to those students who may find time to prosecute social study on their own account. It is found that much good may be done by professors who take opportunities of interesting individual students in social topics on walks or recreation days, and who stimulate such interest by

the judicious loan of books. It may be added that in two or three seminaries students present the subject of economics for University examinations, and there is some prospect of others being sent, after ordination, to Louvain, or elsewhere, for a course of sociology. This, as has been seen, would be in accordance with the wishes of the Holy Father.

(f) There are many difficulties in the way of active social work on the part of seminarians, and the subject scarcely comes within the scope of this paper save in its bearing on study. Something may, of course, be done during vacations, and any practical knowledge of social conditions thus gained—say in helping the parish priest to run a club, or by visiting a settlement, a garden city, a slum, &c.—will give freshness and point to subsequent social study. In this connection we may quote some words of the Very Rev. Dr. Dyer :

I think some students who are particularly interested in social work and have sound sense—not faddists or seekers of novel experiences—might, under the guidance of an expert in social science, make concrete studies of social conditions and the men and organizations that are trying to transform them. They might, for instance, see the conditions under which men work, or have some labour leader explain the aims of his organization. This would give them an initiation in such matters, and when they go out I think it would prove very helpful to them in later years.

One suggestion may be mentioned which has reached us from two seminaries. A very profitable as well as a healthy and interesting hobby for a seminarian in his spare time is that of horticulture. Any practical experience which he may acquire may stand him in very good stead later on. There is a marked movement in the direction of cottage gardens (we remember how in France the clergy have been pioneers here), intensive gardening, garden allotments, garden classes, and the like. A priest who had acquired some knowledge of these matters might find in them a means of bringing his people together in little undertakings which would brighten their lives, widen their interests, and increase their resources. Garden allotments outside our large towns might prove quite as effective as billiards in saving Catholic youths from loafing, and they would have the additional advantage of inspiring enterprize, self-reliance, and industry.

In one of our seminaries there is considerable horticultural

activity, and much use is made of "The Agricultural and Horticultural Association," better known as the "One and All." This excellent Society (92, Long Acre, London, W.C.), which has been established for over forty years, is doing a great work for horticulture in this country. It has issued nearly three million publications in the course of this year, and its information bureau is invaluable. With such guidance the seminarian who is interested in horticulture may be sure of employing his time to the best advantage. The subscription for Associates is 5s. a year.

Here we must leave the subject. It only remains to thank the Superiors of the various seminaries who have kindly furnished the information and suggestions embodied in this paper. The Catholic laity may well turn to social study and action with renewed interest and confidence in view of the encouragement which is being given to such study by their clergy. The day should not be far distant when the Catholics of this country shall work out, as their brethren have done in Germany and Belgium, a detailed application of Catholic principles to our current social needs, and shall impress upon the national conscience a constructive social programme.

CHARLES PLATER.



## *Six Months of the Journey.*

---

### I.

*Jan. 1st.* The year is to open with many farewells—to all my friends; I find I have sixty—of sorts!

We are leaving Mitcham, and going to live abroad, where rents are less to pay, and in certain respects, living less costly. It will be a dreadful uprooting, from one environment to another, to a totally foreign one—for me, it means the religious atmosphere will be changed, and with that, perhaps, my life, my soul—myself! It is going to be a horrible shock!

I should have mentioned, since this is a diary, that I went this morning to Communion to the parish church. It is a very Low Church, and I cannot believe in it; however it is a part of the Church that I *do* believe in . . . this is my perplexity.

*Jan. 2nd.* I had a note from the Vicar, not the Vicar of this Low Church, but the man who constituted himself my “pope” fifteen years ago, the man who made a religion for me while I lived in the same parish with him. When I came here to Mitcham, it was like roaming away into a desert—though Mitcham is a sweet place. Here is the village green, and quaint country life about it; here are our neighbours, Pelham and Mary Field, Catholics, whom I envy and love and admire—their little church, where I have sometimes been to pray, with guilty feelings; here is an atmosphere of peace—yet I am never at peace.

*Jan. 3rd.* All the days are coloured. These meaningless and peaceful ones at Mitcham are green. That is when I am happy and the sun shines, and nothing unpleasant is said by anybody, when one's sensibilities are not ruffled by the unkindness of circumstances; but these green days are very few after all. I think most of my days are violet—there is nearly always something that hurts. Generally it is a want of something, I scarcely know what—a religion, a friend—yet ostensibly I have both! I think my days are never white—never really beautiful. There are days which I call red

when a horrible joy, and a certain sort of torment go together. Those are the days upon which I see the Vicar!

*Jan. 6th.* It is windy and wild. The common looks so very drenched; one is glad not to be on it; it is warm, too. I have been typing Pelham's play all day; Mary and he are both literary stars!

The rain never ceased the whole afternoon; but through it Pelham—consumptive—was to be seen hurrying over the green. It was near six and he was going to ring the *Angelus* at his little church. Sitting at home, I recited it with him. The saying of the *Angelus* is a habit of mine since I was sixteen. I have scarcely ever missed it.

*Jan. 7th.* Yesterday evening I was invited by Pelham to go and spend a friendly hour with them in their "sink"! such is the name he gives to the dining-room in the basement where sometimes they sit of a winter evening. What happy times have I passed in that "sink" with Pelham, one of the most brilliant men of the literary and dramatic world, and with Mary the charming and clever writer of so many popular books. With them I always feel at my best, as who would not? They kindly praise and appreciate some of my little writings. We call this mutual appreciation "buttering"!

Mary said to me gently last evening:

"It seems strange to me that you who read Gibbon, and so much history, who have in some respects so good a sense of logic, can stick to the English Church! Why not study *our* history?"

"But it's just history that holds me," I replied; "the history of Anglican Orders. I don't doubt them; and if we have Orders we have sacraments. Some Roman Catholics believe in Anglican Orders," I ventured. The Rev. Hugh, my director, had told me this is a fact.

But Mary shook her head, smiling:

"Not now," she said. "'Rome has spoken; the cause is finished.'"

"Your Bishop of London is a fine-looking man," struck in Pelham, unable to resist showing me a picture of this gentleman in his vestments; "and I like to see that he has the strength of his convictions; you see he has been photographed holding his staff in his right hand!"

"Pelham! now don't make yourself so unpleasant; you mustn't show her what you wrote," said Mary, anxiously.

"Please do," and I took the photograph from Pelham's hand, and read written beneath it, in his clear round writing: "I wish I were a real turtle!"

"A shame," I said, and blushed.

"How Lilian must hate us!" exclaimed Mary.

"No; I love you both," said I. And I do.

*Jan. 8th, 9th, 10th.* Green days, violet days; and sometimes it is all grey and dull and dark. I am sure my philosophy is right in this: that we find ourselves, and nothing but ourselves, in our daily life. If there is joy within us, we find joy everywhere; if there is love—love. A melancholy soul finds all the days grey and *triste*. I feel to be a very weary soul who has missed the way. I have missed most things. I have missed conjugal love; I have missed religion; I have missed success; and now I feel weary. Life is a village green, and I am the goose upon it! It is rather dull to be the goose, and to realize the situation! When one is so tired however, there is a certain recreation in standing aside, as it were, and considering everything as an amusing comedy: the importance of unimportant people, their horrid ways and manners—Oh! I include myself!—their ignorant and ridiculous notions of what is good or bad, the noise and to-do they make about the most foolish trifles, the numbers of words they pour forth upon their helpless fellow-creatures—these things make life look like a pantomime! only there is a little too much of the clown in it.

*Jan. 12th.* At last, one of these weird, red days! I have seen Hugh, the Reverend! The pain is greater than the pleasure, yet this is the only pleasure I have admitted to be such for years. My diary will think I am in love with this man. It may think what it will; but I tell you my heart is but *débris*. A person who is being uprooted for the second time, and who has missed things in life, cannot be thought to love any longer with much fervour.

I began the day with a destroying train-and-tram journey of one hour-and-a-half. I arrived, shattered and aching, at the vicarage door with those indescribable feelings with which I always go to encounter Hugh. His wife, Mrs. *Malaprop*, met and greeted me with the encouraging words: "*You?* again, so soon? I do not know *when* you will be able to see the Vicar. He is very busy this morning—and *I* have not a moment to spare."

I meekly intimated that I had been invited to lunch.

I know not why, but vicars' wives, as a race, interest me intensely, and particularly this poor, towed, wayworn, hookless-looking Mrs. Malaprop, with her large, flowery hat perpetually on her head, tipping rakishly over one eye, and her fearful aptitude for saying rude things—she quite fascinates me, perhaps for the fact of her belonging to Hugh.

She admitted me grudgingly, offered me some last year's *Strands*, and flurried away.

Alone, an idea suggested itself to me. Hugh, I knew, was in the church, for the purpose of hearing confessions. It was some months since I had last submitted myself to this ordeal—I go less and less frequently—I would go again . . . vague and questionable delinquencies, such as paganism and innumerable omissions in Anglican observance always are ready for subject-matter on these occasions. I found him sitting in his usual nook of the church, in an obscure corner beside a *prie-dieu*, upon which burnt a very fat and guttering candle, symbolic—the idea came to me—of Hugh himself. The reason for that burning candle, I never guess: is it to illuminate the face, or to ignite the hat, of the penitent? I fix my eyes fearfully upon it, while I try to remember the most unpleasant traits of my character. The Vicar's genial countenance is facing me, and nearer than I feel it ought to be, were the affair really professionally done. I was not intentionally being a hypocrite, yet I felt ashamed kneeling there and listening to those words of absolution. It seemed, somehow, unfair to Hugh. Yet, when he says: "I absolve thee" in his loud, convincing voice, nobody—*nobody* could doubt that he has the right to say it. Afterwards, when I sat with him alone in his study, and told him I despaired of finding spiritual help upon the Continent, since I was to be separated from him, I said that I should *pretend* to be a Catholic, and go to the sacraments of the Roman Church—for I could not have anything to do with the Anglican Church there. "Then," he replied, "you will be a liar!" "But the alternative," I said, "will be nothing—*nothing*! I shall have no religion until I come—if I *do* come—for a visit to England, and to you!"

When I become tragic, even concerning the salvation of my soul, Hugh laughs! This seems amazing to me; but then he is always merry, which is one of his charms. He told me not to talk *tommy*, and declared that I meant nothing that I said. Our talk after this was of airy trifles—for though I should

imagine that it was most evident that I was in need of guidance, and wandering in Cimmerian labyrinths of gloom and spiritual distress, yet he always had an innate dislike of talking "shop" in his study, where light literature and countless pipes lay strewn upon the table; in this I think he shows his sense, and dear Hugh always had more sense than soul. He tells an ingenuous little history of himself; how, upon an occasion of being sent for "to pray" at a sick-bed, he went reluctantly, for he was in a week-day humour, and "did not want to pray!" Religion for church, and church for Sundays, is, I take it, his gay, *insouciant* motto. I related to him the little slip that the Bishop of London had made in holding his staff in the wrong hand, which roused his indignation. "The Bishop," he declared, "would jolly well hold his staff in either hand he pleased, without being dictated to by any dirty Papist!" Those, I regret to say, were his words—which I shall not repeat to Pelham. I pressed the subject of Anglican inconsistencies, and he admitted presently with a sigh, "that there are many absurdities in our situation!" A good testimony to one's Church, indeed! "But," he exclaimed fiercely, "remember this—if you 'go over' to Rome—if you pervert, you will never see me again! Do you know and realize that you would be bound, under pain of sin, to regard ME as being no more a priest than is a crossing-sweeper? Some miserable Roman has expressed that opinion about the Anglican clergy lately . . . outrageous!"

I did not laugh. I looked at Hugh admiringly. He is a clever man, and a cock-sure man; it is written largely all over his expansive face and form. If he told me that he was the true Pope, with the Apostolic Succession, I should, I think, believe him. "Anyhow," said I, "in the crossing-sweep category is to be found good company—the King of Spain . . . and others!"

"You would be obliged," continued Hugh wrathfully, "to subscribe to the damnation of all your Protestant friends and relations—your own father, to say nothing of ME!"

"I don't believe it," I flatly protested.

"Yet it is true. You would be forced also to accuse me of 'invincible ignorance!' a state I emphatically deny. I am master of the Roman controversy, and know too well and see too clearly their dishonest and fallacious methods, their unwarranted innovations, their arrogant and ridiculous claims! I refuse, absolutely, to be regarded as ignorant!"

And, indeed, it seems an outrage that anyone should think so of Hugh. It is because his brains are so solid, and because *he* has decided—surely with other good Anglican brains—that our Orders are valid, that I cannot leave the Anglican Church, for it seems to me everything depends upon whether one receives true sacraments; however, I continued to plague him: “Do you think,” I inquired, “there might be an extenuating idea lurking in the word ‘invincible’? meaning something that you can’t help? If you are ignorant of your own ignorance, for example?”

Hugh was furious. He vociferated—his rotund and Johnsonian figure filling his spacious, favourite chair—he vociferated astonishing anathemas against Popes and doctors of theology. He made it clear to me that the famous Petrine verses have for centuries, and by the entire Church, been misunderstood; in fact that until the light of modern Anglicanism dawned, nobody had been able to realize quite correctly his own situation! He seemed to sweep away history—he has an unctuous voice and a rich eloquence—but he, Hugh, remained! It was wonderful—wonderful. I was about to cross the room and kiss him submissively—we are very old friends—but at that moment Mrs. Malaprop opened the door—my act now would look meaningless!—and announced with some agitation that lunch was ready, that it was sufficient for the temper of the cook to be called upon to prepare for numbers of unexpected visitors every day: that if that delicately-balanced temper were further shaken by a tardy response to her savoury dishes, the whole domestic organism would be fatally unstrung . . . but when *once* the Vicar got some one to talk to! . . . Ah! she was exhausted, and ill . . . the flowery hat was wearily removed and laid upon the pipes, a hairpin or two were readjusted, and in a confused murmur of apologies, and words of exhortation and consolation, we went downstairs with heavy hearts and little appetite.

*Thursday, the 18th.* Needless to say, I am shattered to-day. A red day gives me food for thought, and thought leads into desert places, haunted by devils! A truce to thought, then. For a few days I have said no more farewells. Life for the moment is easy and soporific. I love this village green: and what matter, as I said before, if I *am* the goose? We make our own places, I am sure, and if I am sad, it is because I am wandering, and not caring sufficiently to find out why and

whither I am wandering. It is certain that we make our own places. I have entangled myself with a spurious pope! Well, well, I am too tired to disentangle yet . . . and, if he has true Orders—which is sure—how can I *ever* disentangle?

*Jan. 20th.* Pelham is as kind as he is witty. This morning he put me into the train for Sandgate. I, in a mood for platitudes, suggested that he was too good to live much longer, whereupon he slightly twists the lobe of his ear, to intimate that he is turning down his halo as one would lower gas. I solemnly told him, to see what he would say, that I had been to confession a few days ago. To the vicarress, he supposed? for, was she not there to hear the confessions of the ladies? Surely . . . Then, "Dear separated sister, forgive me; you will some day be one of us—you will forgive me then."

*Jan. 21st.* I have committed this great folly. I have disturbed myself by hurrying to Sandgate in a train. There was no need to hurry; there was no need to come to Sandgate. However, I have done these two things. I am now quite out of my element, and staying with a dear friend who has an immense individuality. I love her, but her individuality crushes me; I am reduced to a dusty atom beside her. She is the mother of my beloved Rosamond, and for that, as for her own great personality, I love her—but I must describe what I feel as a fearful *ponderosity* when with her. She is mighty in proportion, rich and generous in disposition, with a rich, large voice, and she is never contradicted. If she were, the heavens would straightway fall. Her family, and I, when with them, sit around her in a meek circle, and she reads aloud to us and educates us; we must not assert ourselves or disturb the education. I hate to be swallowed up in this way.

Sandgate in the winter is a *triste* and desolate place. The grey sea and the straight line of it, depresses me: everything is cold and grey: with Rosamond's mother, I feel snubbed and chastened. I felt obliged, under the spell of her eye, to go to church for Communion on Sunday; by-the-bye, it is the—

*26th*, a long time after—afterwards I wept in my room with sheer misery, I scarcely know why. If Hugh is in reality my religion, things are very bad with me: why is it only his Church I can believe in?

A funny little incident happened when I was staying here with Rosamond last year. We climbed one day the rather steep stairs into the Catholic chapel which is over the school-



rooms. I was a weakly body at the time and, as has sometimes happened to me in coming down many stairs or a hill, the muscles of my leg collapsed, so that I was lame and stiff for a few days. We called the infirm one my Roman Catholic leg!

To-day, not even a leg of me is Roman Catholic!

*Jan. 30th.* The enterprizing Mabel has already taken a house in Bruges, from the 16th February, she writes me, to which she intends to conduct the whole family of us early in March. It seems to me an unspeakable idea for an English family—Protestant and insular—to go and live abroad. How foreign we shall be, how socially chilly! I wonder why English people do such remarkable things, and above all, why they must be continually moving.

*Sunday, Feb. 5th.* It is a close and curious day. I intend to remain in the house all day. I have this moment finished reading Blessed Joan of Arc's Life: she is absolutely lovely—a Saint! Spring is in the air, deliciousness, warmth, and the suggestion of flowers longing to burst forth. This is a beautiful old, rambling house, haunted, of course, which makes it a pleasure to spend an entire day in it. When these dear people go to church, I have a game of patience, and then prepare to spend the rest of my day "in good company," which is to say with a small pile of my pet books beside me, . . . Plato's *Banquet*, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Augustus Hare, *Récit d'une Sœur*, Marie Bashkirtseff, and the *Imitation*!

To-day is a "jewelly parenthesis of pathetic happiness!"

*Monday, Feb. 6th.* Another absolutely mad day. Hurried and pressed by remorseless circumstances and porters from train to train, platform to platform, sitting wearily and long, in the greatest discomfort, for weary hours, holding heavy burdens, meeting rough winds, contracting a desperate weariness of the whole being—mental, physical, *soulal*, . . . to project myself at last, into another, more or less, uncongenial spot, where I shall try and be tried by other, more or less, uncongenial darling friends!

*Feb. 7th.* How abominable of me to write in that way about these best of all little people. I arose this morning, after an exhausting night, asking myself how it is that I have a friend in the world? Yet my friends are the most wonderful and perfect people in the world, and I have many; and these two, Laura and Barbara, are the greatest of all. I am staying with Laura. Barbara is very near, at the vicarage; her husband is Vicar of Worthing.

*Feb. 9th.* On account of wanting better employment, I change my costume several times a day, and dress my hair in varying fashions. This is not because I am vain, but from the extreme weariness I feel in continuing to exist.

Once I was a governess, and supposed to be clever. I grew weary and became a nurse—trained and quite efficient. I made many friends, and gained good opinions, but was sick of it the whole time; so I trained for the stage. The prospect of it, however, shocked my relations, and Hugh—thereupon I wrote a book, and dialogues for society papers. Now I am just used up, uprooted and wandering—wondering, besides, whither this path, dusty underfoot and cloudy overhead, is leading me!

*Feb. 11th.* I am very much in my element here. We play, all of us, with great sympathy and concord, the game of "Rome"! Cyril's church, St. Philip's, is so high, one feels that even the Pope himself, were he ever privileged to enter it, might turn pale and tremble at its extreme aspirations. One of the curates has been known to declare that no household, not containing a statue of the Sacred Heart, can be properly called Christian. At a certain Guild Meeting, occurring weekly, an *Ave Maria* is boldly said aloud by the Vicar, and the service they call the "mass" is adorned by inaudible murmurs and mutterings of secret words, believed to be Latin! What more can we want? The vestments are beautiful, the devotion is genuine; surely it must be really Catholic here! Could all this be nothing but acting? We talk about our Lady and about the Holy Father. We can almost persuade ourselves that we are true Romans. Yes, and every Saint in our Prayer-book calendar was a real Papist—the calendar begins with a Pope and ends with a Pope! There is only one thing we have to do our best not to remember, *i.e.* that we are thought to be acting a part—that not one of those Saints we claim would for a moment acknowledge *us* to be in communion with *them*, though we vow that they are all wrong, Popes, Councils, Fathers, Doctors, and we, the Anglicans, are—RIGHT!

Surely Hugh *must* know best: he swears he does!

*Feb. 12th.* It was wrong to write of Laura and Barbara as I speak of myself, for I feel sure that they all are in great earnest about their Church; that they do not feel the "position" to be ridiculous, for they are such exceedingly good and devout people, that it is impossible they should only be playing a part! I ought not to feel as I do, for I know our Church *must* be all

right, since we have Orders. They tell me one of the curates here has an immense devotion to St. Anthony of Padua. I wonder why, and wherein his devotion consists. Is he constantly mislaying his possessions, or does he study the teaching of St. Anthony? It would hardly be that, or he would be obliged to become a Papist, as St. Anthony was.

*Feb. 13th.* I do admire my friends immensely. Barbara is wonderful—beautiful, as appearance goes, with great lovely blue eyes, soft little dimpled features and a cloud of dark, waving hair. She is absolutely devoted to Cyril and the two children, but, at the same time, has such a warm, large heart, that one could not have a more sympathetic, dear friend—in my eyes, there is no fault in her. Poor child, she is very ill in reality, and there is talk of the whole family being banished to the south of France, if her life is to be prolonged—before long. These are mists of the future. On the other hand this is a fat living for Cyril. Cyril's position is a bit extraordinary—his relations with his Bishop (who, I'm afraid, has heard of that *Ave Maria*), with some of the less advanced of his people, with—one might imagine—the Establishment in general! Developments are bound to come! *Nous verrons!*

Dear Laura, too, is quite a little saint in her way, one of the self-effacing kind, whose life and whose all is devoted to her sister. Laura and I together conjure up visions of the future: the probability seems that we shall, before long, be all living abroad. We hope to meet. We are very vague about the rest.

*Feb. 16th.* Barbara was extremely outspoken this morning. She said, in her decided manner: "Of course, when you get to Bruges, you will have to be a Roman. Impossible to continue as you are now, with no religion! You will be *obliged* to be a Catholic!" It was a shock to me to hear it said, for I have never once thought it to myself—for I have *no reason* to go, since our Orders are valid! But I feel as though Barbara had given me an impetus, and set me rolling in a certain direction. Indeed, she has put a definite idea into my head that I shall be obliged to take this step. I did not answer her, but I thought of that great cock-sure Hugh—a sort of agony came over me.

*Feb. 18th.* This morning was a moment that will leave its impression upon me. We all sat by the sea; it was a mild, un-February-like day. Everything was hazy, sea and sky one grey motionless shimmer, with a soft sun shining behind light vapour, very sweet and soothing—it seemed like an image of our

indefinite future and our next meeting—peaceful and pearly, but all mysterious, it looked; would the sun burst forth brightly—we could not tell. Not just yet; the beautiful, pearly morning did not change, and so we left it. Laura put me into the train, to return to Mitcham, in the afternoon. Her good-bye words to me were, “Where shall we meet next? Perhaps at ‘Auntie’s’!” “Auntie” signifies the Church of Rome. But, how could we?

*Feb. 19th.* Last night, as soon as I was home again, something possessed me to go into the Fields’. Something possessed me to tell Mary that I intend to become a Catholic as soon as I find myself in Bruges. She and dear Pelham naturally rejoiced over my news. They had felt sure I should come into the Church before long! They thanked God for me, &c. Strange to say, as great a shock as Barbara’s announcement to me had been, was this fact of my confidence to Mary. Suddenly, the idea of the Roman Catholic Church and the dreadful assurance of these Catholics seemed to repel me. They are so triumphant—while I feel defeated and smashed. I shall say nothing more about it to the Fields. The fearful fact of Hugh and his opposition weighs heavily upon me. I am going into a violet, almost black future!

*Feb. 20th.* Violet days. I am not happy to be home; everything is depressing, even the weather, and I say nothing but farewell to everyone I meet—all these daily friends and acquaintances seemed never dearer and pleasanter. Change, farewells, and new beginnings are horrible. I went again to say good-bye to Hugh this morning—as usual, have returned shattered. He laughs at my farewells, and vows he’ll see me again within a week! Never! I become rather tragic, which amuses him the more. Upon Hugh’s mantel-piece stands a pet ornament of his, a fat, jovial brown friar in terra-cotta, a nasty profane thing! He declares it is like him, and one cannot deny the fact. He jokes about everything; he attaches no importance to my tragic moments. He has never really taken any trouble to persuade me into what he considers are correct opinions. If I am in any trouble he says, “poor old thing,” and sometimes gives me a present! If I am about to “vert” to Rome, he constitutes himself my “pope,” and imagines all is over! I had again the odd idea to go to confession to him. I told him I believed in nothing particular, and was desperate. He pooh-poohed me, and the candle guttered and fizzed. Then he solemnly absolved me of these iniquities. I came away

stified. How can I? How can he? What is the meaning of it all? the end?

*Feb. 22nd.* All I have to write in my diary to-day is that I am tired—that all my days are violet—and that I shall die alone. *Je mourrai seule!*

*Feb. 25th.* *Je mourrai seule!* I like the sound of that! Here occurs the little episode of "Sweet Celia." She has just been to see me—to say good-bye, of course. She was the first friend I ever made, when I was nine, she nineteen. I was a passionate, jealous little wretch, and attached myself to her with a sort of fury. She was in my eyes like a golden-haired angel, with great blue eyes, gentle manners, and marvellous learning. She taught us, the little girls, history and arithmetic. She imbued me with a romantic admiration for Martin Luther, whom I pictured, from her teaching, to be a gentle saint like herself, with holy eyes, and a sweet, suave manner. Beautiful poems I dreamed of this lamb-like monk! and poems, too, of my golden-haired, wonderful Celia. Then I grew—and continued to grow! Somehow, Martin Luther and Celia both failed to keep pace with me. Martin Luther slowly but surely resolved himself into a blatant, bullying apostate—slowly this took place! and Celia just remained little, sweet and golden-haired, but simple—her halo faded quite away. I felt myself outstripping her, and even ceasing to admire the dear soul; instead, she began to admire me, which seemed tragic. I am often accused of being clever, which is a fearful embarrassment to me, for, honestly, I am conscious of a great crying hollow within me—a void of knowledge! People seem to think I *ought* to be clever—this seems to me unreasonable and unkind—it makes me struggle and gasp, as it were, for the unattainable. At one horrid epoch of my life, I actually looked down upon my dear little Celia, as something silly. It was mean and odious, besides being intolerably conceited of me! She married a man—in tea!—and had a lot of babies, tiresome, squalling ones. This seemed a hideously domestic contrast to my, at that time, high calling, of writing smart dialogues for sporting papers—I despised the domestic virtues, as depicted in Celia. More I grew—and very old—traversed wild, self-willed regions of thought, opinion, ignorance and illusion. I became High Church, theosophist, spiritualist, pagan, nothing, *too wise!* All this time Hugh was my pope and my creed—and I met little Celia again. Still she was fair and golden-haired; still she was sunny, sweet

and strong. She still had holy eyes, and loved her babies—and perhaps Martin Luther, too!—and now when I smile at her, it is that I should ever have disdained anything so pretty and so simple—in pity for my own simplicity and her wisdom!

She came to-day, to say good-bye to me. "You are always 'Little Lily' to me," she said, as I stooped down to kiss her. She has gone on loving me steadily, all the time—while I, God forgive me! have been intricate, dissimulating and untrue!

I am tired of good-byes. I am pretty tired of most things! Yet, strange to say, when life seems to present its gloomiest outlook, it is then that I find it the most interesting. I like the feeling of standing on one side, and considering my own progress. I try then to regard it as a comedy—for the angels and for me!

*March 4th, Saturday.* Days of weariness and exhaustion! of the wretchedness of farewells—of tears and heart-swellings! Grey days, wet days, violet days! We are packing up everything we possess; we are going everywhere for the last time. Mabel and Diana are happy in the prospect of a change; they do not seem to look upon these farewells as anything final; they promise themselves many delightful visits back to the old country. Their good-byes to their friends are not tragic like mine. Why do I feel so tragic, I wonder! Everything within me is so indefinite; "from the great deep to the great deep" I go! and I have not much courage in facing the "great deep"—though certainly it would seem there is nothing I need grieve to leave! *Friends?*—all of whom have their own immediate interests, and do not need me; *religion?* an *idol* rather, a Dagon who ought to be toppled over, alas, alas!—scenes of disappointments, of sad associations, of follies, of crimes, of all kinds of miseries! Yet all this is *I*, myself, and I must leave it. . . . What do I go to? A foreign place, a friendless place, a new, inimical place, where the Church will ignore me as a heretic—which perhaps I am! But I am very angry that the Roman Church should think me a heretic; it is not my fault that I was never taught any religion whatever, or that I was born a Protestant.

*March 5th.* We have left Mitcham. The little village green, the little Catholic church, Pelham and Mary Field—dear and beautiful episode of a bit of my life—have all vanished! The rest of Mitcham—the ghosts who dwelt there, the old parish church where I sometimes made my Communion, the



people who came and went, who spoke words that one forgets, who wore clothes that one does not remember—are wiped out for me and passed away for ever! I have come to Rosamond for three days. Diana is also paying a few visits; Mabel has gone on to Bruges to make ready the way before us. Mabel is the business one of the family; she can conduct a "move," which is, I believe, a sign of genius; she would make a good general!

*March 6th.* To-day, Rosamond and I are sister souls; some day, I feel it, we shall be separated! When I am a Papist, she will still be restrained in the Establishment by her exceedingly constitutional husband and her heavily influential mother—she will never escape from these bonds. To-day, we walk side by side, groping but gay, composing a religion of our own as we go along—many English people do this—fancying and trying to believe all kinds of pretty ideas, with a large dash of spiritualism and Buddhism in 'em. They are interesting ideas, ours, far from orthodox—but what matter?—just what we like and choose, mystical and pleasing! She goes to a High church with her husband; I went with them; we called the service "Mass;" John, however, called it Communion, and came out before the end, his feeling being that it is too "extreme" to remain to that service without going to Communion! Another idea of somebody else's here is that incense should be displayed to the people, though its use is forbidden. The parson walks up and down the length of the aisle and waves it about a bit before they begin business—"to keep it before the eyes of the people," is the reason given!

I love Rosamond; she is the sweetest and most comforting creature. She sings divinely; we wander about without rushing or tiring ourselves. I am so happy and so cheered that I write against this day—white.

*March 7th.* But white days do not last, dear no! A purgatorial one succeeds: rushing for hours in a train, with all its previous horror and confusion of stations, porters, dirt and baggage, muddy roads and rain, to add to the anguish of it. I arrive, wan from the long voyage, at Longton, where I have come to see, for the very last time, Violet, whom I have not beheld for fifteen years. She was waiting for me at the station. Immediately my sorrows were forgotten again; no one could be sorry when they see Violet!

*March 8th.* What a contrast is this Violet to Mrs. Malaprop: yet she too is a parson's wife! Violet is like a fair, pale spirit.



She is worn away with her own intensity. She loves the Roman Catholic Church, yet because her husband cannot get beyond High Church, she remains and works beside him, is loyal, and appears to be genuine. Such people seem to me to be "lost Catholics;" born for the Church they are, yet, through an unkind fate, lost to her! Oh, this poor, poor England—wrapped round and round in the impenetrable and "invincible" Anglican fog!

We have glorious long conversations of our old school-days; we compare our ghostly histories, for we both have weird experiences of the ghostly nature; and together we live two happy united days. I had again the cold and wretched experience of going to Alan's church for Communion. To-day is Ash Wednesday. It is a hideous church; I came away chilled to the soul with a dreadful sensation of desolation and death after my Communion. Then I quickly forgot all this unpleasantness in the charms of Violet's society, which alas! I shall not enjoy again. One of Alan's sisters, she tells me, has "gone over" to Rome! Alan is "furious" about it, and declares that he will never allow her to stay in his house again. A Papist "starring" at the vicarage and she his own sister, they say, would be Alan's undoing with his parish! Presumably, then, there will be little chance for me!

*March 9th.* With Violet I have renewed my youth. We are like school-girls together! When I leave her I shall remember her as a pale star shining in this desolate Anglican fog of the black country—a pale star, setting, in a land of mists and illusions!

*March 11th.* She saw me into another maddening train. I whirled back—nearly dying on the way—to London, and have arrived at my last resting-place in old England—to whose house but to Hugh's? My stars are setting—Mitcham, Rosamond, Violet—and, *enfin, Je mourrai seule!*

FRANCESCA GLAZIER.

(*To be concluded.*)

## *The Revival of the Mystery-Play.*

---

WE live in an age of "revivals"—one more proof, our philosophers might remind us, of that decadence which condemns a sterile present to find compensation in the past for the shortcomings of to-day. And if practical evidence were wanting of the fact, we have only to look at our modern drama. There, at any rate, where so much reminds us we have fallen upon evil days, that make us almost despair of our dramatic art and morals alike, we are justified in reverting to the ideals of an elder time, in the revival of the Mystery-Play. If ever we needed a return to purity and simplicity, we need it at the present hour, when our stage is being demoralized in a measure that perhaps we hardly realize. Even the most optimistic critic is fain to admit that there is room and to spare for improvement in the state of things which confronts us in our "up-to-date" theatres. We have but to open our eyes in order to see to what a sorry pass we, who still hold the stage to be a mirror of life, have come. If it really is, we have little reason to be proud of its reflections! What is the sum-total of it all? Musical comedy degraded to buffoonery of the cheapest type; melodrama reduced to a series of spectacular sensations, where the *outré* but ill atones for the absence of all literary pretensions; our serious plays hopelessly fettered in the mesh of the "problem" that the new morality utterly fails to solve—it is truly an unpromising outlook.

But already the tokens of reaction are manifest that show a materialistic age is growing weary of its self-chosen ideals, and beginning to realize the poverty of its makeshifts, in life and art alike. To those who can read the signs of the times, the awakened taste for the spiritual in art, even in dramatic art, is but one more proof, if such were wanted, of the hunger gnawing at the heart of a generation starved of the things of the spirit, for something which shall satisfy its cravings. It shows, at least, that we are not content with the stones that have been

given us in the place of bread, and are learning to have a wholesome despair of our present dramatic ideals.

What are the main notes of those ideals? We have long since ceased to go to the theatre to be amused: our so-called "comic" plays are in themselves satires on our sense of humour. As is the case with all whose perceptions of the serious issues of life are blunted, we have correspondingly dulled our sense of the ridiculous. In losing the "gift of tears," we have lost the capacity for laughter, and it is doubtful, if first-rate comedy were produced by our playwrights, whether the public would appreciate their jests. But there is a graver side still. Thinking audiences are beginning to ask themselves why men applauded with such feverish haste the shallow blasphemies of Mr. Bernard Shaw or the cheap cynicism of Mr. Pinero.

As for the sensational element, we have been glutted with it to the top of our bent, and the melodrama that once satisfied the *habitués* of Drury Lane has had to yield to foreign rivals. The grossly material horrors with which, for example, the Sicilian players familiarized us, struck perhaps the lowest note in our taste for the morbid in dramatic art. The audiences that sat and watched the hideously realistic development of demoniacal possession in *Malia*, perhaps one of the most revolting situations ever provided for a public greedy for horrors, reminded us of the thoroughly unwholesome state of modern drama. For we have wantonly banished the ideal from our art and literature alike, and have forgotten the path to the Mount of Vision. Those levels which are bounded by the limited horizon of the materialist are our favourite haunts: those desires, which, discarding reticence and reverence, fasten upon the mere surface of things, are ruthlessly ousting idealism from our life and thought, so that our age frankly prefers Sudermann to Shakespeare, and actually finds pleasure in sitting out the sordid problems of Ibsen and his compeers.

It is high time there was a reaction, and we rejoice that our modern play-writers, both at home and abroad, are rebelling against a realism which is threatening to obliterate the ideal for good and all. On the Continent, this reaction has already assumed suggestive forms. Such plays, for example, as Maurice Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, with its fantastic, but curiously pagan setting, is a protest, however abortive, against the spirit of the age. In a very different *genre*, M. Edmond Rostand has signalized among his fellow-countrymen, a return to those

romantic methods which have been so long lost sight of in the French drama of to-day. In the justly famous scene on the battlefield of Wagram in *L'Aiglon*, he has touched with conspicuous success, a height which none of his contemporaries have even tried to scale, and has challenged comparison with the greatest dramatists of every age, Shakespeare not excepted: while in Germany, the painfully sordid realism of the "problem" playwrights, with their deplorably low moral ideals, has evoked a counter-blast from even the apostles of free-thought themselves, as in Gerhart Hauptmann's mystical play of *Hannele*.

It is a significant sign that to our more imaginative minds in England, a return to mediævalism has seemed the best way out from the *impasse* into which degraded popular taste has brought our drama. And this reversion to the Middle Ages is something that has its roots deeper than mere fashion or literary vogue. It is the outcome of the genuinely religious instinct which underlies so much of the best of our English art in all its manifestations, an instinct affronted by the suggestiveness of our comedy, the cynic laughter of our satirists, and the shallow sneers of our un-Christian moralists. Such healthy disgust may well be one more token of that religious Renaissance which meets one on every hand—the token so long waited for, that Catholic England is coming to her own again.

Nor is the great British public so untouched by this wave of thought and feeling, as might be supposed: its reception of the old Morality play of *Everyman*, when presented a few years back, was one of those psychological surprises which, every now and then, fairly startles the student of human nature. Playgoers who had found their satisfaction in a so-called "musical comedy," or who had been stimulated by the crudest forms of melodrama, flocked to *Everyman* and responded to its appeal, as if they were breathing a familiar atmosphere.

And what an atmosphere it was! To pass to the solemn scenes of *Everyman* from the usual theatrical *milieu* was like going suddenly into the hushed silence and prayer-fraught gloom of a vast cathedral from the tumult and traffic of a noisy street. Before its tremendous significance, brought out indeed by singularly perfect acting, criticism was stilled, and those who felt it most were least inclined to analyze its extraordinary fascination. Here was a pleasure-loving public abruptly brought face to face with the great issues of life and death, and yet it sat and submitted in enthralled silence to the

wistful, solemn appeal of a work which literally had nothing in common with twentieth-century art.

It was this particular revival which opened the door to what lay beyond the Morality-Play proper. Perhaps it was natural that it led to that form of mediæval drama wherein the appeal is the most universal, the Christmas "Nativity Play." Who is there that is deaf to its undying charm, blind to its perennial beauty? But in its ancient setting it was too crudely artless, and so some of our more spiritual-minded writers sought to produce modern forms of the Mystery-Play which should preserve and reinterpret the essence of the old. In this task they had the norm furnished them by the model immortalized in the old Coventry Nativity Play. "Startlingly realistic," it may be, as one of its critics maintains, but how child-like in its naïve simplicity, how tender and sweet for all its archaisms, its verse, with its irregular lilt and glints of pure gold amid the threads of homespun, wherein is wrought the tale that the world will never weary of telling—or hearing.

Consider, for instance, the simple reflections of St. Joseph as he bends over the crib with its precious Burden :

Now in my arms I shall Him fold,  
King of all kings by field and by frith :  
He might have had better, and Himself wolde,  
Than the breathing of these beasts to warm Him with.

And how tender and homely is the greeting of the shepherd as he kneels before the manger with his humble offering :

Hail be Thou, Lord, over water and lands,  
For Thy coming, all we may make mirth :  
Have here my mittens to put on Thy Hands :  
Other treasure I have none to present Thee with.

Such a play as this takes us back into the very heart of the Middle Ages, where the eternal truths were brought home to the minds of the ignorant and unlearned, in language all could understand. And we begin to comprehend how and why it is that the "little ones" have things revealed to them which are hidden from the "wise and prudent."

Such is the model which has served to inspire our modern playwrights, and there is surely a curious appropriateness that the Nativity Play should be the one of all others, as it bids fair to be, to herald a return to religious subjects, and so hallow that

Renaissance of higher and holier traditions in our dramatic work, for which so many of us long.

It may not be amiss to examine the experiments already made in this direction, experiments interesting under more than one aspect, though only to be regarded as the first-fruits of a field wherein a rich harvest remains surely to be reaped. Mr. Laurence Housman, in his Nativity Play of *Bethlehem*, was perhaps the first writer to find inspiration in the grandest of all themes. But he must be content with the credit of being a pioneer, for his inadequate production only indicates how far we have travelled from the elder ideals of religious drama, and how deep is the gulf that lies between our twentieth-century spirit and the Ages of Faith. True, the critic of the verse-technique must bear in mind that the play is written for music, always a handicap for the poet, still the Catholic mind cannot but feel that the author has failed to create the "atmosphere," which would justify the elaborate artlessness of his high essay. The conscious artificiality about his method is fatal to that simplicity and spontaneity which was the heritage of the old "makers" of the Mystery-Plays, that effortless realization of the things of faith, which was the prerogative of the mediæval mind, whether in literary or pictorial art.

Yet *Bethlehem* enshrines verse of genuine beauty; witness the choral hymn of the Shepherds, which is of special interest, besides, in showing the strong hold that devotion to our Lady has taken on the minds of those still outside the Church's pale. As a non-Catholic tribute to our Lady it is surely significant, and this must be the excuse for quoting it:

Mother Mary, hail,  
And of thy grace,  
Lift away the veil  
That hides God's Face.

Mary, all the lands,  
Mary, all the seas,  
Gather in thy hands,  
To thy dear knees.

Mary, maiden white,  
Mother pure within,  
Show to mortal sight,  
Love that cures sin.

Ere He first touched earth  
He did first touch thee,  
Through thy perfect worth,  
God reached down for me.

Still for all this, Mr. Housman is as one who sees a picture, rather than an objective reality; he lacks the grip that can only be the endowment of those who, standing within, have come into contact with the facts, rather than the dreams, of faith. It is like a painting where the colours are brilliant and delicate, as with the vivid beauty of enamels, but the perspective false. With all his artistry, the poet fails to adjust it to true lines. It is not through such efforts as this, that the Mystery-Play will come to its own again, as come it must. The ancient form may be copied and improved, but the old inspiration can only be drawn from the old source—a whole-hearted acceptance and a vivid realization of the facts of faith.

These qualities are still lacking in another notable attempt in this direction which has won wide recognition, the *Eager Heart* of Miss Alice Buckton. It is one more suggestive endeavour to allegorize, rather than to present, a literal interpretation of the mystery of the Nativity, but the writer has emphasized, many will think, the pictorial and symbolic, at the expense of the religious side. The play suffers from the limitations under which the outsider, even the best-intentioned, must always labour, when endeavouring to apprehend the mysteries of the Faith from a purely human standpoint, however lofty or detached.

The key-note of *Eager Heart* is struck in the dedication: it is inscribed to "all who see and worship the One in the many." And as might be expected from the humanitarian outlook, the attention is focussed on the outside world and its woes, rather than on the lowly Manger, whence alone healing and help for those woes can be found. In *Eager Heart* it is the human subjects, not the Divine King, who comes to claim their allegiance, that we are bidden to regard; it is "Humanity," as personified by the Shepherds and Magi, and "Eager Heart" and her sisters, who are the figures most in evidence, whilst our Lady and St. Joseph, and the Christ-Child become but visionary personages, moving noiselessly—for they are silent throughout—across the stage where they ought to be the dominant presences. Unconsciously, Miss Buckton is re-stating, with how much force she hardly realizes, the whole attitude of



the modern humanitarian, and indeed of many non-Catholics besides, who only conceive the Incarnation, not as a vivid reality, but as a beautiful and poetic dream. It is the wistful yearning of the artist and the sentimentalist, who sees indeed all the beauty, the pathos, and the wonder of the most transcendent fact in the world's history, but sees it from without, not from within; sees it to paint it, if you will, in the fairest colours, to sing it in the sweetest numbers, but not to live its reality. Her shepherd is unconsciously stating the whole case for the humanitarian attitude, in his wistful complaint:

Our hearts  
Are sad, our ears are dull with misery,  
Others may catch that far-off song; for us  
No burst of music fills the flaming sky!

It is the attitude of one who sees indeed the objective beauty of a Faith that has no message for him.

Miss Buckton's gift is so genuine, her ear for musical and dignified verse so fine, her sense of beauty so vivid, that one must needs do justice to the talent which can produce within its limitations so appealing and artistic a work as *Eager Heart*. Its verse at times is singularly forceful and musical:

There Fame, her golden trumpet at her mouth,  
Governs the winds that sweep the echoing world,  
And men amazed, bow lowly, worshipping.

It did not need the elaborate staging in Lincoln's Inn Hall, with the unnecessarily sumptuous dressing, and too studied poses of the actors, to deepen those qualities which make of the play a serious contribution to modern poetic literature. Indeed, it is not too much to say that *Eager Heart* was handicapped throughout by its artificial accessories, not the least of which was the stilted eighteenth-century music of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*.

These are the brilliant failures of non-Catholics, but we are not without a modern Catholic presentment of the Nativity Play, and it comes very appropriately from that gifted and versatile writer, Father Robert Hugh Benson. Is he any the more successful? He, perhaps above all contemporaries, is specially equipped for a task which demands a blend of the mystic's mind and the child's objectivity. He has that subtle capacity for dealing with the supernatural that is so rarely the prerogative of the poet or the artist of to-day, and if his readers

question sometimes his view of a subject, as in *The Lord of the World*, they can never deny the consummate power of the writer in handling it. His fitness for the task of writing an ideal mystery-play seemed unique.

Nevertheless, his Nativity Play is, when simply read, one of the most disappointing of all Father Benson's works. It is all the more difficult to understand why he should not have succeeded better in treating this subject, because he has the insight, the clearness of vision, the faculty of reconciling the infinitely great with the infinitely small, that the true seer alone can claim. Is it that, unlike too many of his contemporaries, he realizes the vastness of his subject, as only the Christian poet can, and is daunted by the difficulties of adequately treating a theme whose innermost sweetness must ever remain unsung, whose deepest music must always be unheard, whose colours can never be transferred to canvas? Father Benson has indeed elected to put by the dithyrambs he knows how to wield so well, to suppress that sumptuous rhetoric which he can command so imposingly, but alas! only to write on the greatest of all themes verse almost bald in its simplicity.

Yet the reader cannot help feeling that the author has deliberately suppressed his faculty for writing stately verse (witness the hymns in that pathetic drama, *The Cost of a Crown*) from a desire of approaching his subject with the simplicity of the Middle Ages. It is as if the artist were struggling to cast aside all extraneous ornament and word-device, to realize the poverty and destitution wherewith nature herself framed that first Christmas night—

Nought to be seen, but snow and starry sky,  
And that great lamp that hangs above the town—

in that bleak wintry world, hushed and silent in the starlight, waiting for the springtide of its dearest hopes, that is so soon to be manifested in the humble cave at Bethlehem.

Nor is the personal note wholly absent, for in the closing words of Gaspar we are reminded of the spirit in which the mediæval actors played the mystery; that they are there

To offer here before His holy Feet,  
That which alone He asks of us—the love  
For whose poor sake He came here from above,  
Since we as best we can have played our parts.

It was perhaps the best commentary the author's work could

have had, that the acting of children should have brought out all that was best in it. Only those who saw it at Westminster Cathedral Hall last year, could realize how perfectly the external conditions were fulfilled which go to make a Christmas "mystery" something more than a mere mediæval revival. The author had spared no pains in elaborate stage-directions to secure the beauty and reverence of the spectacle. But better than this were the absolute simplicity and recollection with which the youthful actors entered into their task, while a more fitting accompaniment could hardly have been imagined than the familiar carols which made a musical setting to each tableau. Indeed, the play became, acted under such conditions, one prolonged Christmas carol, with something of the homely realism of Giotto mingling with the archaic decorativeness of Ghirlandajo, combined in its simple and sincere pictorial presentment.

Yes, it is plain there is room for the revival of these religious plays among us, whether dealing with the Nativity or some other mystery, though it is equally plain that only Catholic audiences will ever be able to appreciate them at their proper value. And the chances are, of course, that for some time to come, their actual audiences can contain only a small percentage of Catholics. But would not the very multiplication of such performances in our midst tend to increase that number? The question is worth considering by those who realize the tremendous force of the appeal to eye and ear made by such representations. Is it not possible that if such plays were more frequently represented on our stage, England would regain some trace of her old Catholic spirit? The increasing use of cinematographs for imparting religious teaching is but a crude recognition of the fact that the drama is a legitimate means of bringing home to men's hearts those truths the knowledge of which means more than anything else in this world. Who will deny that such truths are but dimly apprehended, or imperfectly realized where the Catholic Church has not the opportunity of enforcing them? As of old the drama was the handmaid of the Church, so to-day it may be sanctified afresh to the service of the Faith. And even as to the poor and ignorant of the Middle Ages the lessons of the Church were enforced and made plain by dramatic representations, so to-day to our masses, starved of their ancient heritage of the Faith, the Mystery-Play may become a salutary instrument of enlightenment.

If any convincing proof were needed that the modern mind

is prepared to appreciate the significance of religious representations on the stage with both reverence and devotion, if such performances are given under religious conditions, we have it in the spectacle offered each decade at Ober-Ammergau. There, at any rate, the religious drama has never lost its essential setting proper to a definitely devotional function, and the appeal is an exclusively Catholic one that is made to the world at large to realize more vividly the Mysteries of the Passion. How that appeal has been answered in successive Passion-Play years by hundreds and thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the civilized world, everyone knows. And the response made so universally is in itself a plea for the Mystery-Play it is impossible to overlook. But as all who have been privileged to see the Ober-Ammergau Play will readily attest, the devotional atmosphere, which can only be assured in a Catholic community amid Catholic surroundings, is a *sine quâ non* in such performances. It is the solemn Mass and corporate Communion which inaugurate the day in the Tyrolese village, that give the seal of religious purpose and devotional intention to a performance which not even the most frivolous and indifferent can assist at without sharing, however involuntarily, in the spirit that prompts its players.

The instinct for religious drama is as much alive in the Englishman of the twentieth as it was in his forbears of the thirteenth century, and to-day it is quickened by an ever-increasing sense of what the Catholic Church means among a Protestant public, which has largely changed its once hostile attitude for one that is by turns puzzled, and wistfully desirous of knowing more of its teaching. Yes, in spite of all that four hundred years of Protestantism have done to blunt and chill the instinct, the British public is at heart intensely religious, and it only needs the appeal of the Mystery-Play to deepen that instinct, and help it to bring forth fruit a hundred-fold. Only show its audiences, on a stage devoted to such plays, the most beautiful of all stories, and you will lead them to apprehend not only its transcendent beauty, but also its transcendent truth.

The Eternal Child is still in our midst; may we not show those who are searching, however blindly and gropingly, for His dwelling-place, where He lies—if it be only as in a picture? For surely it will be the means of leading them to the Reality, to that Church where He is waiting for them—for the wise and simple of this world alike—to bring their offerings to His Feet.

MARY ALICE VIALLS.

### *The Saint, the Priest, and the Pooka.*

---

THERE is a little village that lies among the hills. Its name is Ballyduffy. So far it is from the railway, that it might be Tir-na-hoige itself.

It is as near to the Country of Dreams as to the world where men act and think. Not one of its inhabitants, so they say, has ever been to England, and only three have been in Dublin. These three never wished to go there again, for they were "moidhered" with the great town, and if it had not been that the stillness of the hills was in their hearts, they would have been like to go mad with the hurry and noise of the streets.

But now in Ballyduffy they say that things are changing, the waves of real life have eddied into their midst.

The villagers have seen motor-cars. Most of them have been at one time or another in the train. They have listened down at Rathpatrick to political harangues. They speak of the world now, even in Ballyduffy, with a knowing smile and a shake of the head.

But there was a day, about the time when our grandmothers first thought of love, when the world meant Rathpatrick fair, and life might be seen in its fulness at Timothy Gormon's shebeen. At that time Father Francis was the priest of Ballyduffy. He had a surname, but history has forgotten it, though his Christian name is known even by the babies. His body sleeps now under the long grass of the hillside churchyard which lies just above the chapel. But his name is warm on the lips of those who learnt of him from their fathers and grandfathers. They say of him that he was so saintly that the angels used to throng his church when he said Mass. Timmy Gormon, who is the oldest man of the village, declares that he himself has seen them flying out of chapel, and when Denny his grandson whispered "owls," he fixed angry blue eyes on the culprit.

"D'ye think I'd not know an owl from an angel, impidence, as well as I knows you from a wise man?"

Denny was silent and Timmy continued one of those long narratives that seem to come from the storehouse of dreams. Out of the fragments of his telling I pieced together the story of the priest and the pooka.

Father Francis had a little hillside garden where he delighted to toil. Legend says that his lilies were planted by our Lady herself, and his finest rose-tree by St. Joseph, but it was he who did the weeding and the digging, and as his garden was bordered on one side by the road, his parishioners were wont to lean on his fence and talk to him about themselves, the most interesting subject in Ballyduffy. These monologues were varied, and rich in the practical affairs of life and in the elusive and spiritual element without which Irish life is dead and barren. The babies, the potatoes, the pigs, the poteen, the souls of the departed, banshees, dhoulis, leprechauns, had a part in the conversation, but none was supreme but the pooka. Not a man or woman who leaned over the fence but told some story of the mischief and malice of the pooka who haunted the Black Glen that lay between Ballyduffy and Rathpatrick.

Father Francis listened in silence. He kept his important remarks for his sermon. Nothing was too insignificant to be spoken in the chapel, for all life found its consecration there. So when Sunday morning came and the priest saw all his people before him, he said that he had been distressed by repeated accounts of the evil ways of the pooka in the Black Glen. He, himself, would investigate the matter, and the better to do so he would, after Mass, collect such evidence as might be forthcoming.

"You must tell me the truth," he urged, "for it would not be right to slander even an evil spirit. If the pooka is to be seen, I myself, as your priest, will see him and command him to trouble you no more."

After the service the people gathered about the gate. It was summer-time; the air over the hillside shimmered with heat, and the mountains were wrapped in haze. It was a day when even the sad and sick are very joyful to be alive. Father Francis came out of the vestry: he was a portly, rather florid man, but there are those who say he was beautiful. The children smiled to see him, and he smiled too.

"Now," he said, "speak one by one, and remember that you must not tell more than the truth, for this pooka has no one to defend him."



Then Katey Gallagher, a withered leaf of a woman, stepped forward and curtsied.

"Plaze your riverince," she shrilled, "'tis a week back that I took Speckly to Rathpatrick,—ye mind Speckly, your riverince? I sold her, indade, Glory be to God, for more than I'd be afther thinkin'. Och! sad I was partin' with Speckly that had been like me own child these two years, 'twas like a Christian, she was, your riverince, I've known her wishful to follow me to Mass, but she was layin' on me badly, she was, the creature, so I shut her in the basket and just swallied my tears and wint off to Rathpatrick and sold her to a dacint good woman. An' there I bought another, a rale good chucken it was, a browny-coloured one, your riverince, with a fine impident eye, an' some change over too for yarn an' a pinch of tay."

She paused to draw a gasping breath.

"'Twas late thin, an' I'd stayed wid Ellen Foy a while, an' Mrs. Gormon had gone off with herself, tho' she'd a right to have stopped a bit. So back I went wid Browny an' the tay an' yarn. Thravellin' an' trampin', I was, mindin' meself of the old days, your riverince, an' I'd got nearly through the Glen, whin a great cock-a-doodle-doo sounded at me very ear, an' somethin' fluttered in me face. 'God save us now,' I called, and I dropped the basket, why wouldn't I? Out ran Browny, and off wid herself cluckin'. And all I saw was a weeshy bantam cock, crowing and struttin', an' then, your riverince, God forgive me if I lie, 'twas a white dog barking at me skirts. Faith! I quit out of that place, leaving Browny an' the tay too. And didn't I make home, your riverince, quicker nor an ould hare, an' into me house and bolted an' barred the door?"

"'Tis blessed truth," said Timmy Gormon, "for me own boys found Browny in the Glen the next day. But looka, your riverince, 'twas but last fair-day comin' home wid the old horse that is quiet enough to pull a hearse, that all of a suddint he off and skelped by the Glen, wid a little white dog at his side. I thought there was more than one, but Andy Keogh says one, an' he says, your riverince (but he's bashful to speak), that he saw a white hare sittin' up on his hunkers washin' his nose, an' he let a stone at him, an' the impident hare just put his forepaws to his sides and laughs."

Timmy paused. One or two others came forward and poured out rambling narratives into the priest's ear. He listened patiently.



"'Tis well it's not a black dog," he said at the conclusion of the stories. Then he smiled and went to his house, and his people knew that he would pray for direction in this matter of the pooka.

The next night Father Francis went quietly out of his house and took a lane that led him round the village towards the Glen. A full moon hung over the great, round mountain which is called Slieve-dhu. The air was scented with hay and flowers, and though no sound of man broke the quiet, the earth seemed loud with moving voices, for the fields were full of corncrakes, whose monotonous cry speaks ever of the happiness that the faeries know, but that eludes men when they think to grasp it. From over the hillside he heard the low whirring of the nightjar, and he wondered at his boldness in coming out into this wonder-world of the summer night. For after dusk in summer we are trespassers in the Kingdom of Faëry. His dark, substantial form moved slowly across the moonlit fields. At last he stood in the road that leads to the Glen. In his hand he held his rosary with its pendant crucifix. He went slowly along the road between the dark firwood that sloped down to the stream and the hill that rose rock-covered and heather-grown on his right. But he saw nothing. He peered among the fir-trunks, he peeped round the rocks, he looked up and down the road, but he saw nothing. Then he prayed that he might see the pooka.

He waited and drew a long breath. The bracken stirred, nodded, a white tail-tip gleamed in the shadows, a white body crept among the ferns, a little bark rang bell-like through the Glen. A small dog sprang on to the road.

"Stand," said the priest, "you are my parishioner, and you must obey me."

The dog turned phosphorescent eyes upon him, and its gaily-elevated tail drooped suddenly.

Father Francis made the sign of the Cross. The white dog did not vanish.

"You must assume your human shape," said the priest, "for I cannot talk with a dog."

The dog barked, then crowed suddenly, and the priest saw a bantam cock perched on a low bough.

"I cannot talk with a cock," said he. Then the cock turned to a white hare which crouched among the ferns.

"I cannot talk with a hare," said the priest.

Then the hare turned to a will-o'-the-wisp, and shone in the darkness.

"I cannot talk with a will-o'-the-wisp," said the priest.

Then the will-o'-the-wisp took a vague moonlit form that stood before the man, a dwarfish elf-like reflection of humanity, with eyes like glow-worms.

"Now," said Father Francis, "you must answer me. Do you know that I am your parish priest, and that you are my parishioner?"

The glow-worm eyes were lowered.

"Your reverence is right," said the pooka, and his voice was as the chirping of little birds among the bushes.

"But I cannot let one parishioner molest another; and you have annoyed many Christian people as they came through the Glen."

The pooka stood on one leg and twisted his hands.

"I came to exorcise you," said the priest.

"Oh! please, your reverence, do not send me away from the Glen. Where should I go? I know every rabbit by name, I know all the birds, and the foxes in the den on the hillside. I could tell your reverence the history of every beast and bird for three miles round. I know where the nightjar laid its eggs, I know where the leprechaun hides his gold. I pray your worship kindly to let me remain."

The priest looked down tenderly at the glimmering face that was raised to his.

"But," he said, "I do not know your nature. You are not a Christian. I cannot feel sure that I should allow you to stay. But I can ask the Bishop."

"There was a Saint who lived on the hill," said the pooka, "he was no doubt a wise man, for they say the foxes used to love him, and that the birds sang his Offices with him. If it please your Reverence to inquire of him, he might know my nature. For I am not at all learned save in the affairs of the earth."

"You are right, my child," said Father Francis, "follow me."

Now there had been in the days of very long ago a great Saint named Finbar, who taught men the knowledge of Christ. He is not as well known as the greater St. Finbar, but he was good, and taught men to be wise and brave and healthy. He waged stern war against idolatry. He was like all saints, a clever and practical man, who passed cheerfully and busily through

the world, receiving no taint, but helping his fellow-men. But sometimes, worn and harassed by the business of life, he went up to a little hermitage above the Black Glen, and there he prayed and thought and wrestled with evil. And at last, worn out with a long and active life, he died there.

So a little rocky cave still bears his name and blesses the hillside. Perhaps the foxes live there now. It is probable that the good Saint would not mind his furry tenants even if he returned to visit his last home.

To this place the priest and the pooka ascended. It was a great climb, and Father Francis had frequently to rest, for he was stout and ill-endowed with breath. When they halted the pooka danced and twirled before him, assuming strange shapes, for its heart was more gay than we who know tears can ever understand. And even the fear of exorcism could not quench its spirits.

Through bracken and heather and fraughan they made their way, until they were so high that they could see the moonlit land of vale and upland all about them, and the voices of the corn-crakes rose like a chorus to their ears.

At last they came to the rough stone entrance of the cave, and here the priest knelt down.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "if Thy wise and gentle Saint ever may return to his last dwelling-place, grant I pray that he may speak with me on a question which no mortal man may rightly decide, namely, the nature of this little being for whom my heart feels so much tenderness. Amen."

He rose to his feet, and the pooka skipped to his side.

There was a rustling in the cave. Presently an old, white-bearded man came out. He was dressed in a rough, curious dress, but there was an aureole round his head, and they knew that he was none other than the Saint. The priest knelt for his blessing, and the pooka stood on one leg with his hands folded.

"What do you want, dear son," asked the Saint, "and who is your little companion?"

"So please you, monsignor, I am the parish priest of Ballyduffy, and this is the pooka of the Glen."

Then Father Francis told the Saint the story of the pooka's mischief, of the annoyance of his people, and of his own intention of exorcising the mischievous spirit.

"But so kindly do I feel towards him, and so earnestly does

he beg me to leave him in the Glen, that I promised to ask your opinion, monsignor, before I went further in the matter."

The Saint a-hemmed a little, as one who considers. Then he turned to the pooka.

"Can you give me any account of yourself, dear child?" said he.

"Indeed no, your worship," said the pooka, "but I have meant no harm to his Reverence and his parishioners, only when my heart is very gay it makes me laugh to see how scared the good people are when they come from Rathpatrick."

"You can assume many shapes?"

"Yes, so please your Grace, if I have your permission I will show you."

The Saint nodded, though Father Francis thought such levity was hardly becoming before one so holy. But the pooka, unabashed, gambolled in the moonlight. First as a cock he crowed and strutted, then as a hare he leaped and crouched, next as a dog he frisked and barked, then in his elfish form he danced and twisted, cutting strange capers, performing queer antics.

When the Saint laughed, Father Francis laughed too.

"Dear child," said St. Finbar, "God surely blesses those who make innocent laughter. Dwell in peace in your glen, but promise your kind priest that you will never molest nor frighten his parishioners."

Then the pooka laid his cold, moth-like little hand in the Saint's and promised.

"At the last day," said Father Francis doubtfully, "these soulless beings,—are they snuffed out as one blows out a candle?"

The Saint smiled.

"My son, we do not know. But I think these gay spirits are the souls of beautiful things. Do we only please God by our tears? When I lived on this earth my heart was very heavy, very busy with men and with their affairs. I thought much of chastisement, of penance, and fasts, and tears. I was not wrong there, but I should have spared time to consider the laughter of life. When God smiles, shall we not smile too? Now sometimes it is my privilege to wander through this pleasant world. My son, I see more than your eyes see, I hear more than your ears can hear. I see the elemental beings rising mist-like from the lakes, I hear them rustling in the woods, I feel the breath

of their passing in the winds. They praise God in their lives ; as He has made them, so are they. '*Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domino : laudate et superexaltate eum in saecula.*'"

The Saint raised his hand in blessing, and the priest left him. But the pooka, who was lurking among the fraughan bushes, ran before him to show him the safe way, for as it has been said, Father Francis was no climber, and he might have suffered many falls if his faithful attendant had not guided him to the road.

The people of Ballyduffy never saw the pooka again. He kept his promise faithfully, and they went unmolested to and from Rathpatrick. But sometimes when Father Francis passed the Glen he saw glow-worm eyes gleaming at him from the bracken, or a little white dog would frisk around his feet.

And then he never failed to laugh at the antics of his strangest, smallest parishioner.

He would bless him too, and echo the good Saint's words :

*"Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domino : landate et superexaltate eum in saecula."*

W. M. LETTS.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

### **The Field, the Furrow, and the Fruit.**

THOSE who have followed the history of the *Sillon* with affection, and its latest chapter with profound edification, will find consolation in the following letter from Dr. Amieux (head medical inspector in the chocolate factories of the well-known Menier firm) to M. Marc Sangnier. It appeared in the *Démocratie*, and we translate it from the *Univers* of November 9th.

. . . I have become a Catholic, and write to ask your prayers. I cannot do without the sacraments. You did well when you bowed to the authority of our Holy Father the Pope. Had you acted otherwise, I should certainly not have become a Catholic to-day, for I had confidence in you, and you would have ruined that confidence, and put off my conversion. I have waited four years before taking this irrevocable step. I shall never go back upon it in spite of all the reverses which may await me in my life as a Catholic.

I have studied the doctrine point by point. I have prayed to God and to our Lord Jesus Christ, and I have also invoked the help of the Blessed Virgin. And after a never interrupted toil, and an effort to test the meaning of religion, and a hunger after God of which He alone can be the judge, in the full possession of all my faculties, fully alive to all my responsibilities, I am determined to be a Catholic. I ask you and our fellow-workers in the *Sillon* to pray for me; and I am only telling you of this my unshaken resolution in order to console you by the knowledge that, by your own attitude of unshaken Christianity, you have contributed to strengthen me.

Had Luther done what you are doing, we should not have to deplore the disruption of Christianity, and we should not behold the melancholy spectacle of the modern decadence of faith.

I believe with all my strength in Revelation, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the *sovereign and infallible authority of the Pope in things of faith*. I believe in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, born of the Virgin Mary and risen on the third day, in the Sacred Host, and I believe in the efficacy of all the sacraments of the Catholic Church.

The philosophies of Harnack or Sabatier, and the various forms of

Protestantism, do not satisfy the deepest of my religious needs, and so I have the duty of proclaiming my ultimate act of Faith, and of glorifying God for my ascent and access to the light, and to absolute Truth.

Protestantism may offer us the fragrance of Christ, but it only conceals His actual reality, and that is why I turn to Catholicism.

I am far from failing to recognize the admirable kindliness and evangelical gentleness, the sincerity, and the gifts of special and supernatural grace which God grants to Protestants of good faith. But if I am grateful to those who educated my boyhood and my youth for having loved Jesus sufficiently to surround me with an atmosphere of piety and peace, I cannot without cowardice and dishonour hide from them that their religion is incomplete, and that they have no right, in the hopes of receiving supernatural and extraordinary graces, to disregard the supernatural but normal graces of the sacraments.

That is my state of mind; I have realized it; and state it frankly, Grace has touched me. I now know that the effort which I once made to feel Jesus Christ in every action, in all my dealings domestic, social, or professional, I shall now see at once fully developed and satisfied by the actual possession of Jesus Christ Himself in the Sacraments.

The seed has fallen into the furrow and has died. It is already springing anew in resurrection.

M.

---

### The "S.B.G."

London, to the stranger within her gates, has often been compared to a desert, for there is no loneliness like that of the friendless in a great city. But alas! for such unfortunates, the wilderness is tenanted by wild beasts, ever ready to deprive them of bodily possessions and of what is more precious, the integrity of their souls. Obviously, it is helpless women of the servant-class that are more especially the victims of such organized vileness, to counteract which there exists in London a Catholic Society for Befriending Girls, a good work which should appeal, both on social and religious grounds, to all of the Faith. This Society forms the English Branch of the *International Catholic Association for the Protection of Young Girls*, and a number of zealous and distinguished ladies and several of the clergy form its executive and committee. It was originally started as the G. P. S. (Girls' Protection Society) in 1899, and since that time has benefited thousands of girls of different nationalities attracted to London in search of work. To such it offers the hospitality of a home during the period



of search, as well as skilled advice and direction, and when in employment, some of the advantages of a social club. Last month new premises at 265, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., were formally opened by his Grace the Archbishop, and already the accommodation is found insufficient. No better object of charity could be recommended than this, the good effect of which is so direct and the need so acute.

#### Married Clergy in the Welsh Church.

In an article entitled "Clerical Celibacy in the Anglo-Saxon Church," a protest was not long since<sup>1</sup> made in these pages against the extraordinary liberties which the organizers of the Anglican Church Pageant had taken with the facts of history in representing St. Dunstan as the tyrannous oppressor of a devout and conscientious married clergy. That Mr. Percy Dearmer, Mr. Wakeman, and other representatives of the Continuity theory stood alone in their curious perversion of a very simple issue did not for a moment seem likely, but we confess that we have been surprised at the recklessness with which not only the High Church party, but those of other schools, seem determined to shut their eyes to the plainest evidence in order to find historical justification for their rejection of celibacy. The latest example which has been brought to our notice involves a *suppressio veri* which is certainly not creditable in a writer who comes forward not as a hot-headed pamphleteer or controversialist, but as a grave historian, reprinting after more than thirty-five years' interval for study and reflection the possibly hasty work of his youth. The first edition of Archdeacon D. R. Thomas's *History of the Diocese of St. Asaph* appeared in 1871, the second and revised edition was published in 1908. The author has meanwhile been regarded as one of the most prominent authorities on questions of Welsh history and archæology, and has held many positions of dignity as President or councillor of well-known learned societies. Now the following passage, which was printed by him in the first edition of the work just named, re-appears practically unaltered in the revision which has recently been published.

A later mark of difference (between the "Celtic party" and the "Italian" which Wilfrid joined). . . was the celibacy of the clergy.

<sup>1</sup> See THE MONTH, August, 1909.

Its obligation was never acknowledged by the British clergy, who like those of the Greek, Armenian, and other branches, were allowed to marry, and "when in A.D. 961, Padarn, Bishop of Llandaff, died, and Rhodri, son of Morgan the Great, was placed in his own room against the will of the Pope, on which account he was poisoned, and the priests of the diocese were enjoined not to marry without the leave of the Pope, a great disturbance took place in the diocese of Teilo, so that it was considered best to allow matrimony to the priests." Even in England it was not enjoined till the reign of Edgar c. 975, A.D., when Dunstan introduced his modification of the Rule of St. Benedict.<sup>1</sup> From this time, however, it became the fashion to call those who wished to retain their wives and parochial cures, "seculars," and those who quitted both to live after the constitution of the new order, "regulars."

A foot-note quoting a passage in Welsh from the "*Brut y Tywysogion*," but without indication of edition or page, supports the statement of what happened in 961. The inquirer who tries to follow up this clue will find the same passage extracted in Haddan and Stubbs,<sup>2</sup> and from the translation there given will learn that so far as the wording goes Archdeacon Thomas has presented his authority correctly enough. He has in fact incorporated in his text the words of the English rendering by Mr. Aneurin Owen in the edition published by the Cambrian Archæological Association in 1863.<sup>3</sup>

Now, with regard to St. Dunstan and the secular clergy, we are content to refer our readers to what we have previously written, but a word or two may be said here upon the British clergy, who, according to Archdeacon Thomas, "were *allowed* to marry," and who "*never* acknowledged the obligation of celibacy." And in the first place I would venture to urge that even accepting the accuracy of the supposed entry in the *Brut y Tywysogion*, it proves nothing against the general law of the Church recognized by all Christendom. On the contrary, the very language of the chronicler implies that it was a concession made for fear of worse evils to the contumacious clergy of a single diocese. Similar concessions we know to have been made locally for a temporary purpose, more particularly to the priests in rural districts, by Pontiffs like Gregory VII. and his

<sup>1</sup> D. R. Thomas, *The History of the Diocese of St. Asaph*. Oswestry, Caxton Press. 1908. (New edition.) P. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, vol. i. pp. 285, 286.

<sup>3</sup> P. 29. Haddan and Stubbs' reference to the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, vol. x., is incorrect.

immediate predecessors and successors, who were whole-hearted in the restoration of clerical discipline. But, secondly, this particular "Gwentian" text of the *Brut y Tywysogion* is open to the gravest suspicion. The passage, like many others connected with the diocese of Llandaff, is not found in the text of the *Brut y Tywysogion* which has been edited for the Rolls Series by the Rev. J. Williams ap Ithel. On the contrary, this distinguished scholar declares that if the Gwentian chronicle is that compiled by Caradoc, c. 1150 at earliest, it has since been "revised and thoroughly recast." Other authorities speak even more severely.

The late Mr. Aneurin Owen [says Mr. T. Stephens] took care to designate this as the "Gwentian Chronicle," treated it as one unworthy to rank in authority with the true *Brut y Tywysogion*, or Chronicle of the Princes of Wales, and caused it to be rejected from the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* as an authority for events before the Norman Conquest.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Wakeman, of Monmouth, than whom there are but few better or more accurate antiquaries, speaks still more explicitly. He designates it as "evidently a comparatively recent composition," and referred to it afterwards as "the same pretended chronicle."<sup>2</sup>

Again Mr. Stephens remarks:

The Gwentian Chronicle is particularly great in the details of battles that were never fought. . . . It abounds in mistakes, conjectures, and unauthorized additions.<sup>3</sup>

Even though the earlier entries of the chronicle may not be equally subject to this sweeping censure, still it must be clear to every student that a sixteenth century document of this sort provides the most unreliable foundation for a statement of fact regarding a period five centuries earlier, while Haddan and Stubbs admit that our data regarding the Welsh episcopal successions of the same epoch are simply "a mass of contradictions."<sup>4</sup> What is, however, somewhat more reliable, and what it is absolutely unpardonable in Archdeacon Thomas to have passed over in silence, are the provisions made regarding the clergy in the Welsh legal codes. If Haddan and Stubbs amid their slender materials for this obscure period have printed certain extracts from the Gwentian text of the *Brut y*

<sup>1</sup> In *Monumenta Hist. Brit.*, p. 844.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Stephens in *Arch. Cambrensis*, Third Series, vol. iv. p. 80.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 87 and 96.

<sup>4</sup> Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, i. 288.

*Tywysogion*, they have also, only a few pages earlier in the same volume, printed the following passage, which appears in both the Dimetian and Gwentian texts of the Laws of Howel the Good, which they date 928.

There are three sons who are not to share in land with their brothers by the same mother and same father. . . . The second is, where a clerk takes a wife by gift of kindred, and has a son by her, and afterwards the clerk takes priest's orders, and subsequently when a priest has a son by the same woman the son previously begotten is not to share land with such a son, as he was begotten contrary to the decree.<sup>1</sup>

If the Welsh clergy were allowed to marry, will Archdeacon Thomas explain to us why it is that when a clerk married before his ordination, and had children by the same wife after his ordination, these children were not allowed to have any share in their father's property, and why they should be said to be begotten "contrary to the decree," or, in more ecclesiastical language, contrary to the canons? Or again, will the Archdeacon explain for us the following passage from the code called the "Welsh Laws"?<sup>2</sup>

Whatever person shall break his vow of religion, whether a monk or a friar or an anchorite or a hermit or any kind of religious person bound to the service of God; or a priest who shall take a wife after the bond of priesthood, their testimony is not to be credited in any place and they are excluded from the law, unless they seek a pardon from the Pope or the Bishop through a public penance.

If Archdeacon Thomas is unacquainted with this evidence, we can only say that he is not a person competent to instruct his fellow-countrymen about the ecclesiastical history of the Principality. If, on the other hand, he is acquainted with it and prefers to say nothing about it, we do not think that he is doing any credit to the Church he represents by this exhibition of controversial dishonesty.

H. T.

<sup>1</sup> *Laws and Institutes of Wales.* The Dimetian Code, p. 217; Gwentian Code, p. 371. Haddan and Stubbs, i. 277.

<sup>2</sup> *Law and Institutes of Wales*, p. 595.

## Reviews.

### I.—THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.<sup>1</sup>

THE *Catholic Encyclopædia* continues to make very good progress, and its editors may be congratulated upon finding themselves more than half way through their undertaking within three years of its inception. The volume now under review is the eighth of the series, and takes us from *Infamy* to *Lapparent*. As might be expected, perhaps, from the number of Johns, Jameses, and Josephs, the instalment contains rather more than its share of minor biographies, but on the other hand the longer articles may in many cases be said to be of exceptional interest. In accordance with the precedent established in the portion of the *Encyclopædia* already published, the space devoted to countries is in excess of that claimed for topics of purely historical, theological, or literary significance. *Ireland* and *Irish* account for more than sixty-seven pages, or 134 columns, the history and description of the country being confided to Dr. E. A. Dalton, and the literature to Dr. Douglas Hyde. It is rather quaint, by the way, in an undertaking calling itself *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, to find a full page illustration of the six greatest literary luminaries of Ireland, five of the six being Protestants, and the sixth, John Mitchel, having a very questionable right to find himself in such distinguished company as that of Swift, Burke, Goldsmith, Moore, and Lover. Special articles are also devoted to the Irish in various parts of the world, as, for example, in the United States, Australia, Canada, Great Britain, &c., as well as to the Irish Colleges on the Continent, and to Irish confessors and martyrs. Next we may notice that Dr. Tacchi Venturi is responsible for an article of some seventy-four columns, say close upon 50,000 words, upon Italy, dealing with its natural features, climate, fauna and flora, postal service, telephones, &c., in true guide-book fashion. Why all this should cumber the pages of what the sub-title of the volume describes as "an international work

<sup>1</sup> Vol. VIII. London: Caxton Publishing Co. Pp. 800. Price, 27s. 6d. 1910.

of reference on the constitution, doctrine, discipline, and history of the Catholic Church" is not too apparent. Of course, there is some useful information of Catholic interest mixed up with all these *emprunts* from Baedeker and Murray, but one cannot help contrasting the *carte blanche* apparently accorded to the writer of this discursive tractate, with the allotment of no more than 1,400 words to the article on St. Irenæus, a Doctor of the Church of the highest controversial interest, and a subject abounding in problems for the solution of which a religious encyclopædia is, surely the natural court of appeal. Let us hasten to say with regard to this same article that the sketch of St. Irenæus by Father Poncelet, the Bollandist, has been excellently done, done so well, indeed, as to make us keenly desirous for fuller treatment. Why, again, should Irenæus have barely two columns and Lanfranc five? Or why should far more space be devoted to the mountains, rivers, customs' duties, electric light companies, mines, and manufactures of Japan than to the history of the Inquisition? Will not the former matters all be treated more fully and quite as impartially in the first secular work of reference to which we may turn? And, on the other hand, is not the subject of the Inquisition a constant source of perplexity only likely to be augmented by any reference to such non-Catholic sources of information as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or Dr. H. C. Lea's seven volumes? Once again we can only speak in high terms of praise of the late Father Bloetzer's Inquisition article, but for the purposes of the practical scholar or the controversialist, or even for the use of the educated layman, we greatly deprecate the cramping of these vital matters of Catholic apologetic which must needs result from the excessive latitude given to topics which however excellently treated in themselves, no one would ever think of looking up in a religious encyclopædia. But enough of grumbling. There are some exceedingly good papers in the volume before us, and, as we have already said, some of the topics which fall in this section are bound to be constantly consulted. We have no wish to complain of the length of the article on Jerusalem, divided between Father Meistermann, O.S.F., Dr. Adrian Fortescue, and M. Bréhier. We are glad to see that the first named, better known perhaps to French readers under the name of Père Bernabé, does not here give utterance to the rather ultra-conservative views with which he has previously been identified. Among the remaining articles we may notice

matters so disparate as a useful contribution on *Lace* by Mrs. Pollen, a long account of the Kulturkampf by Martin Spahn, and two lengthy separate articles on *Israelites* and *Jews*, both by Dr. Gigot. A word must also be spared to commend the illustrations of this handsome volume, some of which are admirably executed.

## 2.—THE FIRST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.<sup>1</sup>

The writer, perhaps most commonly known under his own sobriquet as "The Prig," here adds to the considerable number of seventeenth century biographies which we already owe to him. The subject is one whose history is sufficiently remarkable in itself to make it interesting, and it is told, as need hardly be said, with freshness and an absence of conventionality distinguishing it agreeably from the ordinary run of such works. It presents us, moreover, with a remarkable picture of one aspect of public life at the period in question.

William Cavendish, born 1592, successively created Viscount Mansfield, Earl, Marquis, and finally Duke, of Newcastle, commenced his career by lavish expenditure in entertaining King James I., whereby he seriously impaired his estate, but succeeded—as he probably intended—in attracting Court favour, being appointed governor, or tutor, to Charles Prince of Wales. This royal pupil he specially instructed in the art and mystery of horsemanship, of which he was always a notable professor.

When Charles had succeeded to the throne, and the Civil War was begun, Newcastle, though he had no previous military training, was appointed general in command of the royal forces in the north, and conducted various operations against the Parliamentarians under Fairfax, in which though he displayed great personal courage, he gave no evidence of special military talent, and Clarendon in particular, as his History testifies, thought little of his generalship. After the disaster of Marston Moor, Newcastle thought it well to withdraw from England, on which account he has been severely blamed by some and even styled a traitor to the King. Meanwhile, he had been publicly

<sup>1</sup> By the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," "The Life of a Prig," &c. With illustrations. London: Longmans. Pp. xi, 287. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1910.



proclaimed a traitor by the Parliament, and his estates were forfeited to the amount, according to his wife, of nearly a million pounds.

In spite of this, he seems by no means to have abandoned his expensive tastes whilst in exile, and when the Restoration enabled him to return home he was compelled to leave his wife in pawn at Antwerp for the satisfaction of his creditors. This was his second wife, Margaret Lucas, married in 1645, the first, Elizabeth Bassett, having died two years previously. The second lady alone lived to be a Duchess, and it is her name which figures along with that of her husband on the title-page.

When he got back to England, he naturally found his estate "much entangled," and was compelled to devote all his energies to set things on a better footing, in which he was largely assisted by the good offices of the King's brother, the Duke of York. He was, moreover, rewarded by being appointed Chief Justice in Eyre, north of the Trent, which, as he seems not to have been a lawyer, may remind us of his previous appointment to military command. He was likewise made a Knight of the Garter, and, in 1664, a Duke.

Like many of his contemporaries, he had literary ambitions, though he made his mark in this line rather by his patronage than by his own performances. His chief work was on horsemanship, on which he was, as has been said, always an authority. He likewise produced some plays.

He seems to have disliked the licentiousness of the Restoration Court, and to have therefore withdrawn to his country seats, where he mostly resided.

The Index is apparently by another hand. In it, by an unfortunate mistake, no less a personage than Strafford appears as "Stafford."

---

### 3.—A ROMAN DIARY.<sup>1</sup>

When in 1896 the Bull *Apostolicae Curae* settled for ever the question of the Church's attitude towards Anglican Orders, we English Catholics were glad to be relieved of a controversy so wearisome. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Rev. T. A. Lacey's *Roman Diary and other Documents* will not have the

<sup>1</sup> *A Roman Diary and other Documents relating to the Papal Inquiry into English Ordinations, 1896.* By T. A. Lacey. London: Longmans. Pp. xvi, 420. Price, 12s. net. 1910.

effect of resuscitating it, nor should it be allowed to do so by the writers on our side. The Bull *Apostolicae Curae*, which, somewhat contrary to precedent, gave the reasons, the simple, self-explanatory reasons, for its decision; or at all events this, as expounded with ampler detail by the *Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicae Curae,"* which was the official letter of the English Catholic Bishops—have said all that needs to be said in justification of the course taken by the Holy See.

In expressing this hope, however, we are not complaining of Mr. Lacey's publication of his *Roman Diary and other Documents*. He has a perfect right to bring them forward, and from his standpoint we can understand his wishing to do so. It is due to him, too, to acknowledge that he writes in a very courteous spirit, and, with a frankness which we shall all admire, withdraws some expressions into which he had been led in the heat of controversy. If even yet he is not always quite fair, it is at least clear that he has tried to be fair; indeed, he has in one or two places made known facts which told against his case. Still, the reader of his book should be warned that it gives a one-sided account of the history, and cannot be duly estimated without comparison with what has been written on the other side. Moreover, the form of a Diary, and of letters from or to England during the time of the Commission, though of interest in its way as showing what were the impressions of the moment, and how often they had to be corrected, draws off attention from the connected arguments, and prevents these from being duly estimated. An instance of this is in the many references to the Barlow case. One of the points cited by Catholic writers as tending to show that this personage was never consecrated is the absence from the public Records of any mandate to consecrate him. Mr. E. G. Wood telegraphed one day to Rome, during the sittings of the Commission, that this Mandate had just been found. It turned out, as might have been expected, that Mr. Wood had found no document of the sort, but had only elaborated an inference which had already been fully considered by the Catholic theologians, and had been found wanting. He had found a mare's nest, in fact, one of the many which the opposition collected in the course of this controversy. But the point is that, preoccupied with such matters of detail, Mr. Lacey and his friends, as the present book shows, missed the drift of the English Catholic argument which rested on the converging

tendency of many facts about Barlow, among which the absence of direct evidence for his consecration is only one. In particular, there is no appreciation in this volume of the significance of the peculiar conditions under which Barlow received his temporalities, namely, by an unusually-worded grant which gave him the sure possession for life of all the emoluments of his see, without his needing to fulfil the condition of receiving consecration.

What otherwise strikes us in this impressionist Diary is the extent to which Mr. Lacey and Mr. Puller were in the dark as to the reasons that were influencing the Commission, which apparently paid very little attention to the superfluous Barlow question. They knew that the historical questions of Pole's dealings with those ordained by the Edwardian Ordinal, and of the Gordon case of 1704, were being considered, though even as regards these they seem to have been in ignorance of the fulness of the evidence that was being discussed by the Commission. But, though the *Roman Diary* transcribes Padre de Augustinis's arguments for the Anglican Ordinal, there is nothing to show that here was the central point of the whole question; they have a few casual remarks about it, but certainly do not appear to have seriously considered it. Even the paper read by Mr. Lacey at Sion College, two months after the Bull was published, though it is a paper expressly on the "Theology of the Bull," furnishes only evidence that the writer had not yet grasped the Pope's argument, notwithstanding that it had often been advanced, and set in the front place, in the days previous to the Commission, by various English Catholic writers.

An incidental point in the Diary is the poor figure Mgr. Duchesne cuts in its pages. He is one whose reputation as an historical student stands high, and it comes as a shock to find how indiscreet he was in accepting straight off and preparing to take action on, allegations of fact sent from England which had to be retracted almost as soon as they were sent.

The text of Mr. Gladstone's *Memorandum* addressed to the Archbishop of York is included in this collection, and some entries in the Diary enable us to understand why it was written. This "why," as stated in the Diary, is, however, so subtle and elusive that to explain it would require, to use a phrase of Mr. Lacey's, all "the majestic involutions of Mr. Gladstone's mind;" so we had better leave it alone. In one of the papers included a rejoinder is made to an article published in 1896 in

this periodical. Its criticisms are very kindly made, but we feel, as we have said, disinclined to take up this thorny subject again.

#### 4.—THE JESUITS IN BOHEMIA.<sup>1</sup>

Distant as Bohemia is from England, her history offers more than one important point of contact with our own. Wickliffe was the forefather of the Hussites (here generally called "Utraquists," *i.e.*, receivers *sub utraque specie*), and they, as Father Kroess shows, were perhaps the chief cause of those religious disturbances which play so great a part in the volume before us. Happily, England has also had a share in the work of restoring the country to the Faith, for Blessed Edmund Campion passed by far the larger part of his active life as a Jesuit in building up the great Klemens Kolleg at Prague, the *Alma Mater* of the Society in Bohemia, so far as any one institution may claim that honour.

The story Father Kroess expounds to us is not by any means one of peaceful, uniform progress. Bohemia was hemmed in by Protestant princes and lords, with whom the tenet, *Cuius regio, illius religio*, was an article of faith, and large tracts of the country were in their hands. The only counterpoise to their systematic violence to consciences was the authority of the Emperors. With the characters of the Emperors, therefore, the fortunes of the Catholics waxed and waned again and again. Ferdinand, somewhat self-willed, but upon the whole loyal and true to the Church, greatly improved the status of the Catholics, which had been previously reduced by the wars of religion. Then Maximilian, of whom Father Kroess at p. 190, gives an interesting character, adopted a policy of compromise, which resulted in much loss to the Faith. Finally Rudolph, well-intentioned but irresolute (p. 472), was the occasion of changes still more striking. First a spell of prosperity in which the Catholic progress was very remarkable; then, through unhappy waverings, the calamity of the Thirty Years' War, which opened disastrously for Catholics. Our story closes with the destruction of half the Jesuit Provinces of Bohemia, the sack of its colleges, and the expulsion of the Fathers.

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der Boehmischen Provinz der Gesellschaft Jesu. I. 1556—1619.* Von P. Alois Kroess. Wien, Opitz. (Leogesellschaft, Quellen und Forschungen, xi.). Pp. xxvii, 1007. Price, marks 12.50. 1910.

Peaceful though the work of education and of the ministry should be and generally is, its discharge under the circumstances above recited, brought the Jesuits into many adventures, dangers and controversies. The details which Father Kroess gives us on such topics have therefore an interest of their own, and his story is especially life-like and strong from his practice of relying entirely on eye-witnesses and first-hand authorities for all matters of importance. Another reason for attaching importance to details, which might in other circumstances have been considered<sup>1</sup> uneventful, is that they have been made the subject of very serious controversy by Protestant writers. The relations of the Emperor Rudolph to the Jesuits, and their alleged use of force to bring the Bohemian Hussites into the Church is a theme on which our histories and encyclopædias make many unpleasant statements. To these Father Kroess's volume offers a complete and convincing answer.

Though the index, and the general get-up of the volume are good, we cannot help regretting, for the reasons just stated, that a few appendices, or at least ampler notes and explanations have not been added to sum up points of controversy, and to facilitate the study of episodes, and the broad characters of successive periods. Clearly and vigorously though he writes, Father Kroess occasionally embarrasses his readers with the very wealth of his learning.

### 5.—MEDICINE AND THE CHURCH.<sup>1</sup>

In *Medicine and the Church* Mr. Geoffrey Rhodes brings together several instructive papers on a very practical subject. The clergy and the doctors meet at the sick bed: what is to be their relation to one another? Speaking from long experience as a Catholic priest, one can testify that, though there are unpleasant exceptions, on the whole the "two physicians," as Catholic theology calls them, get on very well together. Mr. Rhodes means by the term clergy the clergy of the various denominations, though doubtless he has the Anglican clergy chiefly in view. We imagine that these also work fairly well with the doctors, but on either side there are tendencies which

<sup>1</sup> Being a series of studies on the relationship between the practice of medicine and the Church's ministry to the sick. Edited, with an Introduction, by Geoffrey Rhodes. With a Foreword by the Lord Bishop of Winchester. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. Pp. xiv. 298. Price 6s. 1910.

have recently become accentuated, and are apt to disturb the harmony of their mutual relations. On the medical side there has been the materialistic tendency to regard all spiritual agencies as unreal, and injurious to the action of those curative processes, physical and mental, which are the doctor's special province. On the clerical side there has arisen of late the tendency to place reliance on some one or other of the varieties of what is called faith-healing, and even to try these methods on patients who can be induced to submit to them. It is indeed only a minority of the clergy, at least of the Anglican clergy, who advocate faith-healing, but on the other hand Christian Science has come in and achieved a surprising success by trading on human folly. It is the advent of this new factor in the situation which suggested to the last Pan-Anglican Congress that it would be well to bring about a conference between some representative doctors and clergy, to see if they could not come to an understanding that would enable them, to their mutual advantage, to co-operate in putting down the fraud of Christian Science and waging a rational war against disease. This conference is now sitting, and some of the contributors to the present volume are among its members. Of these latter Sir Clifford Allbutt, the Hon. Sydney Holland, Dr. Charles Buttar, Mr. Stephen Paget, Dr. Jane Walker, Dr. Theo Hyslop, and Mr. H. G. G. Mackenzie, represent medicine; Bishop Arthur Chandler of Bloemfontein, Prebendary Yorke Fausset, Dr. Arthur Robinson of All Hallows, Barking, and Mr. Ellis Roberts, represent the Church; what Mr. Carta Sturge represents is hard to say, for, apparently, he would deprecate being identified with Christian Science. The Bishop of Winchester writes a short but encouraging Foreword. The titles of some of the papers will give an idea of the points under discussion; for instance, *Religion and Medicine*, *Religion and Medicine in the Hospital*, *Faith and Mental Instability*, *The Church and Mental Healing*.

Mr. Rhodes in his Introduction, after illustrating the worthlessness of the evidence for alleged Christian Science cures, strikes the key-note of the book when he says that "two great and noble professions are about to make a combined attack on sickness and suffering." That is to say, the clergy are invited to minister, not merely to the wounds of the soul, but even to those of the body through their influence on the soul. They must indeed keep quite clear of the physician's province



and abstain from all treatment by means of drugs, surgery, or hypnotic suggestion; but they are to remember that quite apart from these, which are *ultra vires* to them, they have in their repertory remedies which can be of solid service in contributing to the recovery of health. What then are these? It is to define them and circumscribe them that this book and the movement to which it belongs are solicitous.

Two sentences in Mr. Rhodes's Introduction may be cited as fairly well summarizing the practical view taken by the doctors, and the as yet undeveloped thought which is to the fore in the contributions of the clerics. "If one may be allowed to indicate in a general way the position taken up by the doctors who have written for the following pages it is one of scepticism towards quasi-miraculous healing as a practical means of combating disease, but at the same time it is an attitude of extreme cordiality towards the minister of religion, in his capacity as a messenger of hope and expert in peace of mind." And "that there exist potentialities of healing apart from physic to-day no one can refute, but it is to be feared the Church and the medical profession have much lost ground to recover, through having in the past ignored those psychic forces that are now the object both of scientific inquiry and of theological study." There is truth in both these affirmations, but, if we may express our own opinion on the subject, we should say that the first of them falls short, and the second exceeds, in its assignment of what the representatives of religion can do. We do not believe there is anything in the proposal to "revive" such ceremonies as unction and laying on of hands as likely to effect bodily cures; and the study of any psychical forces that are as yet unknown or imperfectly known, if it is appropriate in a minister of religion, is appropriate in him not as such, but only in so far as he may have the needful scientific qualifications. On the other hand the minister of religion, or may we now say the priest, is truly but inadequately described as "a messenger of hope and expert in peace of mind." His direct concern is with the soul not the body, and with its preparation for the life to come. It is for this that he claims to speak words of exhortation, not in terms that excite and terrify—he knows better than that—but in terms that encourage and direct without overtaxing the weakened powers; and to administer sacraments which are not the oppressive ceremonies Sir Clifford Allbutt imagines.



And when his ministrations are over he leaves the patient freed from spiritual fears and anxieties which, whilst they were with him, involved a drain on his system of the reality of which the agnostic doctor did not dream, but which was acting as a powerful counterpoise to his curative methods. It is in this that the priest's chief service to the doctor consists, as many doctors cordially recognize; but of course also, just from his position as having the confidence of the patient, the priest can do much to reconcile him to the painful measures his doctor has to employ; nor, I think, can it be truthfully said that the doctors of the soul, if of the normal type, are disposed to make difficulties for the doctors of the body.

#### 6.—BACK TO HOLY CHURCH.<sup>1</sup>

*Back to Holy Church* should prove a particularly useful book. It is a translation of a pamphlet published in Germany much less than a year ago which at once attracted wide attention in that country. The translation, by Mr. G. Schoetensack, is well done, and is introduced by a Preface from Father Robert Hugh Benson. The author, Dr. Albert von Ruville, is a distinguished "Professor of Modern History and member of the Faculty of Philosophy" at the University of Halle-Wittenberg, who had become a convert to Catholicism in the spring of last year, much to the astonishment of the free-thinking world. In the first of the six chapters which make up this little volume Dr. von Ruville tells the story of his conversion, in the other five he writes with insight and accuracy on some characteristics of the Catholic Church which specially impressed him. These latter chapters will make the book, which is idiomatically translated, a serviceable one to put into the hands of an educated inquirer, but the first chapter is naturally that which will be read with the chief interest. Curiously, and yet intelligibly, it was Harnack's *Wesen des Christenthums* which gave his mind the first turn in an orthodox direction.

This leader of the "liberal" theologians, this penetrating, exact man of research attributed to our Lord a nature, a character, and an importance, which far transcended all earthly stature. . . . Then is it

<sup>1</sup> *Experiences and Knowledge acquired by a Convert.* By Dr. Albert von Ruville. Translated by G. Schoetensack; Edited with a Preface by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. London: Longmans. Pp. vi. 166. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.

not unavoidable to explain the appearance of such a personality in the world as a miracle of the highest order, a direct mission from God? This conviction, which quite overwhelmed me, could not fail to lead me to the Faith of the Church, to the Apostles' Creed.

The immediate effect was to make him a fervent attendant at the Protestant services, for his bringing up had been Protestant. "I was filled," he says, "with a joy and happiness such as worldly successes had never given me." But one or two leading thoughts, drove him onwards to his final resting-place. He found many pious believers in Protestant circles, but he realized that one must look to systems rather than individuals, and he reflected, to quote from Father Hugh Benson's summary of his thoughts, "that those systems which emerged from the Reformation period tend to close the avenues to God and to open the avenues to infidelity, to minimize the awful corollaries of the Incarnation, to discourage fervour and enthusiasm and reckless, loving faith; while one Church, and one only, from Pentecost to the present day, is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, devises and permits countless methods of approach to Him, and in spite of innumerable human evils and defects succeeds, as no other body succeeds, in bringing and keeping Him alive and present before the eyes, and within the grasp of His lovers."

The other thought which powerfully influenced Herr von Ruville was suggested by his scientific knowledge and his study of the works of the comparatively orthodox theologian, Bernhard Weiss. He came to perceive that "not only is exact science unable to refute the fundamental Truths of the Church, but the results of scientific research considerably strengthen religious truths, provided that science does not antecedently deny the possibility of divine interference, and does not on principle exclude miracles."

---

#### 7.—THE PRACTICAL CATHOLIC.<sup>1</sup>

It is not necessary to read many pages of Father Paláu's *Practical Catholic* in order to see why it has already excited so much admiration. Everywhere the complaint has been heard

<sup>1</sup> By Gabriel Paláu, S.J. Translated from the Spanish by George C. H. Pollen, S.J. London: Manresa Press, Roehampton. Pp. 208. Price, 1s. 6d. 1910.

that our co-religionists were not giving a good account of themselves in public. The reasons were not easy to specify, the remedies annoyingly obscure. The very virtues of the children of light seemed to lead them to acquiesce in a position of inferiority to that occupied by the children of this world. But this acquiescence was by no means according to the mind of the Master, whose well-known warning was uttered precisely in order to incite His disciples to emulate and excel the cunning of the worldly by Christian energy, true sagacity, and practical wisdom. This theme is handled by Father Paláu so admirably that one instinctively recognizes his little volume as something beyond the ordinary, a message to the age, a specific for its maladies. A deep knowledge of human nature, an unerring grasp of Catholic asceticism, and a boundless zeal for the Leader and His Cause, are held in perfect balance by an artistic instinct for noble thoughts and beautiful language. Hence a book full of vigour and sweetness, of caution and incitement, attracting at once to humility and to publicity.

*The Practical Catholic* is written somewhat in the style of the *Imitation*, but without any attempt to copy its inimitable features, its delicious *naïveté*, its monastic savour, its old-world atmosphere. This is a call to action, rather than to retirement and contemplation; a book for the busy, for the adult and the educated, rather than for the young or the recluse. It is a spiritual book for the twentieth century, with its aspirations for progress, its consciousness of achievements to be yet further developed. It may be recommended to priests and missionaries, to teachers, to Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, to all engaged in good works—and last, yet most of all, to the ordinary layman and laywoman in the world.

The translation is exceedingly good. One does occasionally meet with an obscurity (for instance p. 81, nn. 6, 9; p. 116, n. 8; p. 142, n. 8.), but they seem to be due to the author himself. But why, as he is still alive, should he not be asked to amend them; and more important still, to modify the jar, which we experience at the beginning of almost every chapter, where "the voice of the disciple," and "the voice of the Master" (to use A'Kempis's terms) are run without warning one into the other?

## Short Notices.

---

MOST books about boys we have noticed, are read eagerly by girls, not only because girls like to think they know what their brothers are doing, and to appropriate their belongings, but because by a kind of fatality the author is either over-clever, or not clever enough, and falls into artificiality; and artificiality is the one unforgivable crime in a class of story where all, whatever else it is, should be natural,—a crime which makes it quite certain that a book, popular among those who see boys from the outside only, will never convince a boy himself. Boys will delight in the Rev. R. P. Garrold's new book **A Fourth-Form Boy; A Day-School Story** (Macdonald and Evans, 5s.), if only because of the absolute truth of the drawing, and the complete naturalness of idiom, of feeling, and of thought. We do not remember to have anywhere met with an author who has entered so completely into the mind of boys of the most different ages and in the most disparate circumstances. Certainly, when we read *The Man's Hands*, the psychology of that old English *schola* in the monastery, of the little lad who talked with the prisoned Father Southwell, and of the Spanish peasant-boy, already struck us as wonderfully sensitive; and the sympathy which made such insight possible, as singularly wide and penetrating. In the more modern and homely setting of *The Boys of St. Batts* the same qualities showed themselves, emphasized by their permanence in these new conditions; and we admired them again in those dialogues, full of dry humour and real pathos and artistic appreciation of form and colour (it is this union of complementary and indeed mutually corrective gifts which is so rare, and here so remarkable), which appeared first in THE MONTH, and have since been wisely added by the C.T.S. to its growing collection of social literature.

But the present book is more matured, as well as more ambitious, and we can truthfully aver that the good things we have said about Mr. Garrold's earlier books may be repeated with emphasis about this one. The plot is firmly built; the interest continuous and developing; the incidents emerge from the characters; all Aristotle's requisites are here: and the whole, as before stated, is salted with wit and mellow with kindness; and when it is touched with pathos, it is never, for that, the weaker. And through it all we are aware of the high ideals, natural and supernatural, which (most often quite unconsciously) train a boy up to be the Catholic citizen and gentleman that our country needs and the Church recognizes as her true son. It is very long since we have so wholeheartedly enjoyed a story as this one, and we congratulate English Catholics that, in schoolboy literature at any rate, they can give as good as, if not better than, they receive.

**The Reconstruction of the English Church** (Appleton, 2 vols.) is a large, learned, and important work by an American historian, Dr. Roland

G. Usher. His subject is the transition period of the Anglican Church from Puritan predominance during the early and middle periods of Elizabeth's reign, until the death of Bancroft; by which time the Edwardian extremes which had once threatened to reassert themselves, were excluded. In this investigation Mr. Usher deals with many subjects deeply interesting to Catholics, the Gunpowder Plot, the Oath of Allegiance, the time at which the majority of English people finally became Protestant. We hope to return to Mr. Usher's solution of these problems ere long and in some detail. Meanwhile we can warmly commend his wide information, zeal for discovering the facts, and superiority to prejudice. But, as his materials are (through no fault of his) often liable to exception, we shall also have to show where, and how far we differ from his conclusions.

Earlier in the year we reviewed Mr. Godfrey Raupert's important work **The Supreme Problem**, of which Messrs. Washbourne have lately issued an English edition. It is not a new edition in any sense, for although various typographical mistakes have been corrected and other improvements effected in form, the substance of the book is the same. We think it a pity that the author has not taken the occasion of resetting to make what is a good book better still by carefully revising and simplifying the language, and by discarding a certain vehemence of assertion which is not always justified. Again, he might have made plain that the ignorance and doubt concerning the "Supreme Problem" (man's duty and destiny) which he aims at removing exist only outside the Church. His argument is addressed to the non-Catholic, to whom he wishes to prove the reasonableness of Catholic doctrine. Certain minor inaccuracies of expression connected with that doctrine, which we pointed out in our previous notice, remain uncorrected, but the book on the whole can be cordially recommended.

The translation of Pastor's **History of the Popes**, which Father R. F. Kerr, of the Oratory, is editing, has reached the ninth volume (Kegan Paul: 12s. net.). This corresponds with the second part of the fourth volume in the original German (published three years ago), and comprises the reigns of Adrian VI. and Clement VII. We wrote our appreciation of the German edition when it appeared, and need only here express our satisfaction that this scholarly and important work is gradually being brought within reach of English readers. Every successive volume serves to weaken the vast structure of error which prejudice has reared on ignorance in the non-Catholic mind. At the same time, Catholics are taught how real were the abuses in the Church that called for reform, though not for the "Reformation." This issue is the model of a "library edition," well edited, and beautifully printed.

The Rev. J. Sparrow-Simpson, in his **St. Augustine and African Church Divisions** (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net), gives a short study of the history of the Donatist Schism, which desolated the African Church for more than a century, and in its closing days engaged so much of the apostolic zeal and talents of St. Augustine. It is an attractive little monograph, for the author has relied on a rich list of authorities, and has put life into his narrative. Perhaps, however, he has an *arrière-pensée* throughout, and is anxious about the analogy between that ancient controversy and the present day controversy between his own Church and ours in this country. There are at all events paragraphs dispersed through the book which lend themselves to this contrast, the character of which others might express differently. In the final chapters the question of religious toleration comes

up, and in the very last sentence we are told "it must be remembered that the method of coercion still forms part of the Roman Catholic principles." On this, too, could our notice be longer, we might have much to say, but here we must be contented to notice that the author holds St. Augustine responsible for all the subsequent persecutions of the Catholic (and Protestant?) Churches. Might we not also note on the one hand the tender, regretful spirit in which St. Augustine and his friends invoked legal coercion against lawless and utterly unscrupulous men for the protection of timid but well-inclined victims, and on the other the relentless cruelty with which the Donatists persecuted peaceable Catholics: and might we not extend the parallel so as to contrast Mary's reluctant "persecution" of wild fanatics, set on overturning altars and outraging the religious feelings of the Catholics, with Elizabeth's callous persecution of Catholics who only sought to practise the faith of their fathers in peace and quietude.

The question of maintaining the numbers of the priesthood in France at present is one of such grave importance that we do not wonder that the Abbé J. Lahitton should endeavour, in a second brochure on the subject, to emphasize what he considers the true theory of sacerdotal vocation. His previous treatise, *La Vocation Sacerdotale*, we reviewed last June. The present work, *Deux Conceptions divergentes de la Vocation Sacerdotale* (Lethielleux, 3.00 fr.), is a further exposition of this doctrine, brought into greater clearness both by the attacks and the encomiums it has aroused in theological circles. The author emerges from the struggle, which is conducted with courtesy and even with humour, with his position firmly established, viz., that a lawful vocation to the ministry of the Church does not necessarily imply a perceptible interior "call," though of course ordinary aptitudes are supposed, but is the result of suggestion, training and ultimate acceptance by ecclesiastical authorities. In other words, the *Deus* in the Apostle's rule—*Nec quisquam sumit sibi honorem sed qui vocatur a Deo*—is interpreted as the active intervention of the Church in herself selecting and training her ministers. As we said before, the question seems to us to turn rather on the use of language, but the Abbé is right in insisting that the term *vocation* should be restricted to its definite theological meaning.

The Rev. J. M. Lelen, of St. Louis, who has compiled two little treatises on the same subject—*Towards the Altar* and *Towards the Eternal Priesthood* (Herder: each 9d. net.)—is not concerned to emphasize this strict use of the word, speaking rather of an interior attraction which he seems to consider an essential feature of the "call." But his papers are not intended to form a theological treatise, but rather to foster the sacerdotal vocation by dwelling on its lofty character and showing how it may be both developed and checked.

The existence of a class of men who are cultivated, earnest, sincere and yet are not Christians is ignored by the Rev. Placid Huault in his treatise *The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work* (Washbourne: 3s. 6d.), the value of which as a piece of expository apologetic is thereby somewhat lessened. Argument by epithet has its proper place when once the fitness and justice of the epithet has been established, but injudicious use of it has only a repellent effect on those one would most wish to attract. The present work deals in an able but rather declamatory fashion with the need of Redemption, the Redeemer, and the Church. It will prove stimulating and edifying reading to the faithful, and arrest the attention of men of



good-will, for the matter is well arranged and shows wide acquaintance both with ancient and modern authors.

The saintly Founder of the Second Order of St. Francis, the Poor Clares, is certainly coming into her own in these latter days. Already this year we have reviewed two separate English biographies of the Saint, and now there appears a third—*The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare* (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net), translated from the French version of the original ascribed to Celano, by Mrs. Reginald Balfour. The translation, which is enriched with twenty-four illustrations, taken mainly from Collaert's collection of engravings, preserves the quaint simplicity of the legend, and Father Cuthbert writes a scholarly Introduction.

We reviewed M. Lepin's *Jésus, Messie et Fils de Dieu* at great length and with much appreciation on its first appearance in 1904, and consequently we may greet more briefly but with equal warmth its appearance in English under the title, *Christ and the Gospel, or Jesus the Messiah and Son of God* (McVey, \$ 2.00). We gather that the translation is made from the fourth French edition, which accounts for the increased size of the book; the author having sedulously endeavoured to meet and refute each new theory of modern rationalists. Those who wish to know how the traditional doctrine stands amidst the fluctuating views of heresy can be recommended no better book. The vagaries of M. Loisy, to which the author has devoted special attention from the first, are admirably dissected and exposed.

Yet another *Story of our Lord's Life, told for Children* (Catholic Library Association, \$ 1.00), a complete contrast to the volume just noticed. No rationalist enters here to ruffle the calm atmosphere of faith, and the writer, a Carmelite nun, has no difficulties to answer and no doubts to dispel. The language is aptly chosen, and so too are the many illustrations, although some of the latter are poorly reproduced.

To take up *Malta, painted by Vittorio Boron, described by F. W. Ryan* (Black, 7s. 6d. net.), was a genuine pleasure to a reviewer who had himself spent some little time on the Island. The letter-press recalled many delightful memories, whilst the many illustrations in colour, though in some respects rather idealized, recalled not a few picturesque scenes. It is curious to note that the General Chapter of the Knights of Malta, though at first admitting the Maltese Nobles as full Knights, afterwards refused admission on a mere technical ground, the real reason being that the Maltese, as residents, might become all powerful in the affairs of the Order. At the present time for the same reason the Union Club refuses to admit natives of the Island to membership. This volume is a worthy member of Messrs. Black's series of *Beautiful Books*, and it may be confidently recommended both to the real and the arm-chair traveller.

The two long books of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which could have been read through only by children sentenced on the British Sabbath to have nothing else to read, have been skilfully boiled down in *Stories from Bunyan* (Methuen, 2s. 6d.) by Edith L. Elias, and furnish an easy and pleasant way of becoming acquainted with the famous allegory. There is no trace of anti-Catholicism, except of a negative kind, in the selections made.

The spirit which breathes in *An Open Letter to English Gentlemen* (Williams and Norgate, 2s. 6d. net) is one worthy of all commendation. It is an appeal to those that, in any marked degree *have*, whether it be money or other less material possessions, to realize that their possessions are best employed for the benefit of those that *have not*. That is Christian teaching.



But the appeal, after all, is based upon merely natural virtue, self-respect, patriotism, humanity, and what not—good so far it goes but, as all experience proves, not strong enough to inspire continued effort against the dead weight of human selfishness. So we shall be much surprised if the *Agenda Club*, a Society for Social Service, which has been founded to give expression to the ideals of the "Letter," lasts even for the generation to which it has confined its aspirations. *Noblesse oblige* is an effective stimulus only for the noble-hearted and, outside the ranks of the genuine followers of Christ, true nobility of heart is a rare development. On the other hand, the example of Christ and the love of Christ have prompted in the past the formation of many "Agenda Clubs" which have endured, and which we call Religious Orders.

Under the title of *A Mediæval Mystic* (Baker, 2s. 6d.), Dom Vincent Scully, C.R.L., has published a short Life of Blessed John Ruysbroeck, a Belgian Canon Regular, whose holy career of eighty-eight years occupied the greater part of the fourteenth century. Both the man and his writings are clearly set before us in this monograph, which contains besides some account of the difficult subject of mysticism.

That same subject is treated most exhaustively and clearly in *The Graces of Interior Prayer* (Kegan Paul: 10s. 6d. net.), translated from the sixth edition of Father Augustine Poulain's *Des Grâces d'Oraison*, by Leonora L. Yorke Smith. When we learn that the author before publication worked steadily at the question of Mysticism and Union with God for forty years, reading all related literature, and corresponding at length with numerous experts, we are prepared to find this large and excellently-arranged volume a perfect store-house of information on the whole subject of Prayer. Father Poulain follows what he calls the descriptive method, quoting constantly from the recorded experiences of mystics, and discussing them in the light of a sound theology. His work, in fact, may be described as an Encyclopedia of Mystical Theology, so thorough and voluminous is the treatment. Amongst its most valuable portions are those which deal with the various errors on the subject of Divine intercourse, Quietism, False Revelations, and the like. The Bibliographical Index of Mystic Writers, arranged chronologically with short descriptions of their works, is exceedingly useful. Altogether, this is a work which should be treasured by all who aspire, as we all lawfully may, to know something experimentally here below of that Union with God which is to be our happiness hereafter. The translation is excellently done.

It seems to be a rule of the Order of Friars Minor that a Professor who has held office for sixteen years should qualify for the title of Lector Jubilatus among his brethren by composing an essay on some subject connected with his special department of study. Such is the origin of Father Romuald Peeters, O.F.M.'s, *Tractatus de Quatuor Evangeliiis* (L.C.G. Malmberg, Nijmegen). The little treatise has three parts, one on *Evangelia in genere*, that is, on aspects common to all the Gospels, a second on *Evangelia in specie*, that is, on questions special to each of them, and a third on the Concord of the Gospels. The author shows a knowledge of the modern questions, and is judicious in his selection of opinions, but it cannot be said that he goes deep into any points, or throws fresh light on any of the obscurities.

*The Diary of an Exiled Nun* (Herder, 4s. 6d. net) is the translation of *L'Histoire d'une Expulsée* which was published in France in 1906, that is,

shortly after the expulsion of the Religious. The Superior at the beginning of that fatal year called one of the Sisters to her room and bade her keep a diary of the domestic events that bade fair to be so serious and pathetic. Besides the record of mere external occurrences this Sister wrote down others of a more intimate character which reveal the feelings of the victims under the ordeal. It is this which was published and is now translated. Its pages were written from day to day, "the original purpose being that they should be read and read again as a memoir of those last months of our happy community life and the first months of our sad dispersion." There are many kind-hearted Englishmen and Englishwomen who might profit by the perusal of this simple story, for it would bring home to them the true inwardness of the anti-clerical campaign against the Religious Orders, which has exiled from France so many of its best sons and daughters.

**The Creed of Athanasius the Great** (Melville and Mullen, 2s. net) is translated from the Greek of Dr. T. N. Papaconstantinos, of the University of Athens. The author who comes from Melbourne, recommends somewhat unusually in his Foreword his own tract as "of more than usual interest to students of theology, as coming from a priest of the Orthodox Eastern Church." It gives the doctrine which the East holds in common with the West until it comes, in the last ten pages, to the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Ghost. Here it shows only an imperfect understanding of the points of the controversy, and becomes needlessly bitter in its tone.

Miss Emily Hickey, in her **Prayers from the Liturgy** (Catholic Truth Society, 6d.), makes under appropriate headings a choice selection of prayers from the Church's Liturgy and Breviary. "No one," she says justly, "acquainted with the prayers of the Liturgy, so fervid, yet sober, so pithy, so wide in their scope, but must feel that the old wine is indeed better than the new."

That interest in labouring and suffering humanity which shows itself in Social Work, and which has often been encouraged in this Review, could not be better aroused amongst the upper classes of our schools than by a perusal of **From Gild to Factory: a first Short Course of Economic History** (Macdonald and Evans: 2s. net.), by Alfred Milnes, M.A. Failing a Catholic treatment of the same subject which might call more attention to the *economic* (as well as religious) disasters caused by the Reformation, this little work can be safely recommended to all such beginners.

The C.T.S. continues to pour out such a variety of useful Catholic literature that we can hardly fix a limit to the advantage the cause of the Faith would gain were it adequately supported by the Catholic public. The projected fifth volume of the *History of Religions* series makes an auspicious start with the appearance of **Spiritualism**, from the capable pen of Father R. H. Benson. Two new papers are published in the C.S.G. series—**Social Work in Catholic Schools**, by Father Plater, S.J., and **Rome and the Social Question**, by Mgr. Parkinson. The former gives motives for and methods of arousing interest in social problems amongst intelligent scholars, whilst the latter insists on the never-to-be-forgotten fact that Catholic Social Propaganda must take its guidance from the Holy See, which indeed has never been sparing of instruction in these matters. In **An Anglican on Reunion**, Dr. Adrian Fortescue deals in a trenchant fashion with a "foolish, futile, and pretentious" book—*Reunion and Rome*—by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, whose literary honesty is only saved at the expense

of his intelligence. The **Papal Eulogy of St. Charles Borromeo**, by Father Thurston, S.J., whilst defending the Pope in respect of the agitation engineered in Germany and elsewhere against his Encyclical, treats of several interesting points in the history of the Saint. In **The "Holy Donkey" and Another**, Mr. Britten fully maintains his reputation as the "Sherlock Holmes" of anti-Catholic controversy, and traces this ridiculous story through various silly or malicious channels to the usual lying source. Father Gerard deals another shrewd blow, in **Professor Haeckel and his Philosophy**, at the pretensions of that German materialist to any consideration outside his own narrow scientific sphere. **What is the Good of Religion?** and **What is the Good of God?** are the two first papers in a *Reason versus Rationalism* series which aims at providing short but sound answers to the common sophistries of Rationalists on those all-important subjects. They will be found useful for distribution in centres where the secularist propaganda is rife. **Westminster Abbey: a Guide for Catholics**, by C. L. Jones, fills a decided want, viz., of a cheap, trustworthy, yet fairly exhaustive account of that historic fane. **The Press, the Church, and Portugal**, by Father Keating, S.J., by giving extracts with comments from the English press accounts of late events in Portugal, affords conclusive proofs that Voltaire's advice—*Mentez, mentez toujours*, still guides the policy of the international conspiracy against the Church. This should be useful in localities where Catholics are exposed to verbal persecution on account of the alleged delinquencies of their foreign co-religionists, and has a permanent value as a disclosure of invariable tactics. **Christianity and War**, by the same author, is a succinct account of the Catholic attitude in regard to armed international conflicts, an attitude which, as usual, occupies the mean, the extremes being in this case the doctrines of non-resistance and Jingoism.

One often feels how helpful it would be to the "plain man," as Father Benson has taught us to designate him, if he could be familiarized with the *Summa* of St. Thomas. So many of the objections against the faith which are current receive from this Prince of Theologians solutions as lucidly expressed as they are accurately defined; but the difficulty is that the technicality of the language and the condensation of the thought, place his writings beyond the reach of minds that have not passed through the Scholastic mill. A little volume like **Le Christ d'après S. Thomas d'Aquin**, by P. Meune, O.P. (Lethielleux), shows as it seems to us, how this difficulty may be overcome. It gives the matter of a portion of St. Thomas' treatise on the mystery of the Incarnation, but in a form adapted to the comprehension of ordinary readers of education, who can thus see how the great mediaeval theologians raised and dealt with many a philosophical difficulty which modern thinkers flatter themselves they have been the first to excogitate. We have attributed the book to Père Meune, but he will warn us to be more accurate, and state that his part in it has been to collect and put in order some choice expositions he had received from the late Père Schwalm, O.P.

We can recommend two excellent Catholic Calendars, which aptly blend spirituality with secular utility, **St. Anthony's Pocket-Book for 1911** (Burns and Oates, 2s. and 1s.), and The Angelus Company's **Catholic Diary for 1911** (1s. 3d. net).

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

ANGELUS COMPANY, Norwood.

*The Catholic Diary for 1911.* Price, 1s. 3d.

BACHEM, Cologne.

*Manuale Sacerdotum* (Schneider-Lehmkuhl.) Edit. 17a. Pp. 640. Price, 6m. 1910.

BAKER, London.

*A Mediæval Mystic.* By Dom Vincent Scully, C.R.L. Pp. xii, 131. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1910.

BLACK, London.

*Malta.* Painted by Vittorio Boron, described by Fred. W. Ryan. Pp. xii, 184. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1910.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

*Notes on the "Orpheus" of M. Salomon Reinach.* By Père M. J. Lagrange, O.P. Translated by C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. 52. Price, 1s. net. 1910.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

*Dictionnaire Apologetique de la Foi Catholique.* Edited by A. d'Alès. Fasc. V. Eglise-Evangiles.

BEDUCHAUD, Paris.

*Monseigneur Gay.* By l'Abbé G. de Pascal. Pp. 143. Price, 2.00 fr. 1910.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

*Round the World.* Vol. viii. Pp. 218. Price, 3s. 3d. 1910. *Ned Reider.* By Rev. J. A. Wehs. Pp. 216. Price, 2s. 6d. 1910. *Our Lady's Lutenist and other Stories.* By Rev. D. Bearne, S.J. Pp. 181. Price, 3s. 1910.

BEYAERT, Bruges.

*De Sponsalibus et Matrimonio.* Auctore A. Desmet, S.T.L. 2nd Edit. Pp. xxxv, 620. Price, 8.00 fr. 1911.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

*St. Anthony's Pocket-Book, 1911.* Price, 1s. and 2s.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

*The Idea of God in Early Religions.* By J. B. Jevons. Pp. x, 170. Price, 1s. net. 1910.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York.

*The Story of Our Lord's Life told for Children.* By a Carmelite Nun. Pp. 170. Price, 5s. 1910.

CONSTABLE AND CO., London.

*The Gospel of Jesus.* By G. W. Knox. Pp. 124. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus.* By F. C. Burkitt. Pp. 123. Price, 1s. net. 1910.

GABALDA ET CIE., Paris.

*La Résurrection de Jésus-Christ: Les Miracles Evangeliques.* By MM. Jacquier et Bourchany. Pp. xxi, 312. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Les Origines de la Théologie Moderne.* I. By l'Abbé A. Humbert. Pp. 356. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911.

HERDER, London.

*Thomas Moore, der irische Freiheitssänger.* Von Alois Stockmann, S.J. Pp. viii, 168. Price, 3s. net. 1910. *The Diary of an Exiled Nun.* From the French. Pp. xi, 293. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1910. *Towards the Altar.* By Rev. J. M. Lelen. Pp. 125. Price, 9d. net. 1910. *Towards the Eternal Priesthood.* By Rev. J. M. Lelen. Pp. 115. Price, 9d. net. 1910. *De Ponte's Meditations.* (Latin: 2nd edition), edited by A. Lehmkuhl, S.J. Part IV. Pp. xxxviii, 468. Price, 4s. net. Part V. Pp. xxxi, 376. Price, 3s. 6d. net. Part VI. Pp. xli, 572. Price, 5s. 3d. net. 1910.

HUGHES AND CO., London.

*Coolie Labour in the British Crown Colonies and Protectorates.* By John H. Harris. Pp. 24. Price, 3d. 1910.

KEGAN PAUL AND CO., London.

*The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages.* By Rev. H. K. Mann. Vols. VI. and VII. Pp. xiii, 382; xii, 355. Price, 12s. net. each. 1910. *The Graces of Interior Prayer.* Translated from the French of Père A. Poulain, S.J., by L. L. Yorke-Smith. Pp. xxiv, 637. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1910.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

*Le Journalisme Catholique.* By J. Chiaudano, S.J. French edition. Pp. 122. Price, 1.20 fr. 1910. *Deux Conceptions divergentes de la Vocation sacerdotale.* By L'Abbé J. Lahitton. Pp. 310. Price, 3.00 fr. 1910. *Le Christ d'après S. Thomas d'Aquin.* By Père Meune, O.P. 1910.

LIBRERIA EDITRICE, Florence.

*Theologia Dogmatica Orthodoxa ad lumen Catholicæ Doctrinæ examinata et discussa.* Tom. I. By A. Palmieri, O.S.A. Pp. xxv, 815. Price, 20 lire. 1911.

LONGMANS AND CO., London.

*Back to Holy Church.* By Doctor Albert von Ruville. Translated by G. Schoetensack. Pp. xix, 166. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910. *The Life and Legend of the Lady St. Clare.* By Charlotte Balfour. Pp. xi, 154. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1910. *The Morality of Social Pleasures.* By Rev. Montague Fowler. Pp. ix, 150. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910. *Episcopacy and Valid Orders in the Primitive Church.* By Darwell Stone, D.D. Pp. iv, 59. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *A Roman Diary and Other Documents.* By Rev. T. A. Lacey. Pp. xvi, 420. Price, 12s. net. 1910.

MACDONALD AND EVANS, London.

*A Fourth-Form Boy.* By R. P. Garrold, S.J. Pp. 416. Price, 5s. 1910. *From Gild to Factory.* By Alfred Milnes, M.A. Pp. vi, 84. Price, 2s. net. 1910.

MANRESA PRESS, Roehampton.

*The Practical Catholic.* By Gabriel Paláu, S.J. Translated from the Spanish by G. Hungerford Pollen, S.J. Pp. 208. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1910.

METHUEN, London.

*Reason and Belief.* By Sir Oliver Lodge. Pp. xiv, 207. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910. *Stories from Bunyan.* By E. L. Elias. Pp. vi, 144. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1910.

MCVEY, Philadelphia.

*Christ and the Gospel.* By Rev. Marius Lepin, SS.DD. Authorized English Translation. Pp. xi, 558. Price, \$2.00. 1910.

OPITZ, Vienna.

*Geschichte der Böhmischen Provinz der Gesellschaft Jesu.* Vol. I. By P. Alois Kroess, S.J. Pp. xxvii, 1008. Price, 10.00 k. 1910.

PICARD ET FILS, Paris.

*Histoire Politique et Religieuse de l'Arménie.* By Father Tournebize. Pp. 872. Price, 10 fr. 1910.

PLON-NOURRIT, Paris.

*Ascension.* By Charles de Pomairols. 6e edit. Pp. 498. 1910.

SANDS AND CO., London.

*Little Lady Grimgruff, and Other Fairy Tales.* By Marie Bayne. Pp. 218. Price, 5s. net. 1910. *Church Symbolism.* Translated from the Dutch of Father M. C. Nieuwbarn, O.P., by Rev. John Waterreus. Pp. xv, 167. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1910. *Father Tim.* By Rosa Mulholland. Pp. 314. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1910.

WASHBOURNE, London.

*The Son of Man.* By Rev. P. Huault, S.M. Pp. viii, 304. Price, 3s. 6d. 1910. *The Supreme Problem.* By J. Godfrey Raupert. Pp. xx, 331. Price, 5s. 1910. *The Life of St. Leonard.* Translated from the French by Comtesse M. de B. D'Altena. Pp. xii, 120. Price, 1s. net. 1910.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, London.

*An Open Letter to English Gentlemen.* Pp. 47. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1910.

## SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

### Summary of Contents.

#### I.

##### **Revue Bénédictine.** (1910.) IV.

*D. de Bruyne.*—The African Text of the Gospels.

*J. Chapman.*—Professor Hugo Koch on St. Cyprian.

*G. Morin.*—Lost Collections of St. Caesarius' Homilies.

*U. Berlière.*—A proposed Benedictine Congregation at Liège.

*A. Wilmart.*—Advent and the *Liber Officiorum* attributed to St. Hilary.

#### II.

##### **Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique** (1910.) IV.

*J. Flamion.*—The Apocryphal Acts of Peter.

*F. Callacy.*—The *Arbor Vitae* of Ubertino de Casale.

*P. Richard.*—The Origin and Development of the Office of Secretary of State in the Papal Court.

#### III.

##### **Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie.** (1910.) IV.

*J. Hontheim.*—The Names of God in Genesis.

*F. Rett.*—The Jurisdiction over Vows of the Confessors of Regulars.

*H. Bruders.*—The Petrine Promises as interpreted by the early Church and by Tertullian.

*P. Sinthern.*—Archæologica Romana.

#### IV.

##### **Analecta Bollandiana.** (1910.) IV.

*Z. Garcia.*—The Letter of Valerius regarding Blessed Ætheria.

*C. Van der Vorst.*—The Greek Life of St. Leo the Great.

*A. Poncelet.*—The Translation of SS. Eleutherius, Pontian, and Anastasius.

*H. Delehaye.*—The First *Libelli Miraculorum*.

#### V.

##### **Revue Pratique d'Apologétique.** November 1 and 15.

*M. Lepin.*—The Historic Value of the Synoptics.

*H. Petitot.*—The Final Conversion of Pascal.

*P. Cimetier.*—Catholic Public Worship and the Civil Legislation of France.

*H. Lesêtre.*—Lights and Shadows.

*J. Pressoir.*—"Orpheus" and Assyriologie.

*E. Beaupin.*—Suggestions upon Missionary Work.

#### VI.

##### **Der Katholik.** (1910.) XI.

*A. Steeger.*—St. Charles Borromeo as an Educationalist.

*J. Ernst.*—The Love of God as the Principle of Morality.

*B. Wittek.*—The History of Moses' Childhood.

*A. Homscheid.*—Authority and Freedom.

*A. Bellesheim.*—The Twenty-first Eucharistic Congress at Montreal.

#### VII.

##### **Etudes.** November 5 and 20.

*J. Guillermin.*—The incorrupt body of St. Charles Borromeo.

*V. Poncel.*—Pierre Corneille's *Imitation*.

*H. Auffroy.*—The Age of First Communion.

*J. Ledroit.*—An unprinted record of August 10, 1792.

*P. Dudon.*—Lamennais as Founder of a Religious Order.

*Duchesse de Laval-Montmorency.*—A Portrait of Joseph de Maistre.

*J. de Joannis.*—The Holy Shroud of Turin.







# American • Ecclesiastical • Review

(A Monthly Periodical for the Clergy)

Theology  
Pastoralia  
Liturgy

Cum Approbatione Superiorum

Latest Roman Decrees  
Reliable Criticisms of  
Books



"THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW... in every respect deserves the highest praise. . . ."—*Civiltà Cattolica*, Rome, Italy.

"ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW contains excellent articles, cases of conscience, liturgical questions, etc. The Review will be found suitable to Ireland and England as well as to America."—*The Month*, London, England.

"This splendid Review devoted to ecclesiastical studies."—*Rivista Internazionale*, Rome, Italy.



"THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, the most varied, perhaps, and most entertaining, and, at the same time, most solidly learned of the periodicals that appeal to priestly readers."—Father Matthew Russell, S.J., in the *Irish Monthly* (Dublin).

"THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW is one of the most useful periodicals that a priest can purchase; indeed, considering the information given in its pages, it should be found in all priests' libraries."—*Catholic Times*, Liverpool, England.



Two volumes (12 numbers), 15 shillings a year

## American Ecclesiastical Review

1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A.

---

EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

---

## Manual of Prayers for Youth.

NEW EDITION.

Cloth, 264 pp. Price 1s. net, post free.

---

LONDON: CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES

Crown 8vo. 736 pp. Price 9s.

# THEORIES OF KNOWLEDGE

ABSOLUTISM  
PRAGMATISM  
REALISM

BY

LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J. M.A.

## SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

"Mr. Walker has an extensive knowledge of the modern expositions of Absolutism and Pragmatism in English and in German and French, and displays considerable skill in bringing out salient points of agreement in treatments of these subjects which are externally very diverse. Nor does he ignore their origin in the critical philosophy of Kant, but endeavours to show that Absolutism has evolved from the intellectualism of the First Critique, Pragmatism from the practical philosophy of the Second, and that both, for this reason, are one-sided and incomplete."—*Hibbert Journal*.

"The work here introduced carries the Stonyhurst Series, to which it is the latest accession, quite beyond the scope and character of the preceding volumes. It is not an outline of nor a discursive essay on one or other of the departments of the philosophical system. It is a treatise—thorough, if not exhaustive—on a single philosophical problem. . . . This does not remove the book from the main design of the Series to which it belongs. It simply places it at the head of its companions, which, if the student has mastered them, will enable him better to understand and profit by the present more advanced and more specialized treatise."—*American Ecclesiastical Review*.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

